

THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO IT

GOOD ARGUMENT BOTH WAYS

Washington, June 19.—(Special.)—What of

About the only thing that seems at all certain is that there will be no decision at

may I have been interviewing the members of the Hawaiian legation. Not that these gentlemen, in view of the status of affairs, would consent to an interview; but in view of the great interest felt in the results of this time, they did not consent to give me a great deal of information about their country, under the distinct impression that I was not to use it in the course of an authorized interview—a declaration to which effect is hereby distinctly stated:

not that we do not stand for the truth
everything we say," they declared. "The
proof of our sincerity is found in our
re that those who doubt come and see
themselves. No American can come to
all and go away anything but an ar-
annexationist."

Hawaiians make their headquarters at the Everett, one of the pretty family houses of which there are a number in Washington. The Everett is on H street, between Minister Hatch and Special Commissioners Thurston and Kinney have their offices and their offices. Mr. Hatch has been here as minister since the establishment of the republic. Messrs. Thurston and Kinney came later as special commissioners to act with the minister in negotiating the treaty.

From Their Side of It.
 case as they argue it is about this:
 The only question at issue is whether the
 United States desires to have control of
 the islands. If it is the desire of this
 country to exercise such control, annexa-
 tion of the islands is the only method.

the only possible result—certainly the logical result. If, on the other hand, the policy is to say to Hawaii, "We do want you, and we do not care whether you go to Japan or Great Britain or Russia or any other country," then it will be consistent to refuse to complete the plans.

generation and to repudiate the treaty by the executive.

By suggest no middle ground, they see

Either this country gets the islands

they go to some other nation. An

American protectorate of an independent

Italian government would mean respon-

It was not so much to hear the arguments for annexation that I went to the assembly as it was to get some facts about the situation in the district.

Something of the Country.

the Pacific. The territorial area is 7,000 square miles. That means a less than the territory of Massachusetts but more than that of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. There are eight in the group—the largest, Hawaii, with an area of 4,210 square miles; the

est, Kahoolawe, having but sixty-square miles. Honolulu is on the is- of Oahu. Sugar is the chief produc- of the country, the total amount pro- last year being 221,000 tons. This is high water mark of sugar production the islands and as well to hear that

...in mind, as the possibilities in the line
near production cut much figure in
present controversy.
According to the census made last year,
population of the islands is 109,030. Of
72,517 are males and 36,503 are fe-

The preponderance of males over females maintains through all the islands. These about 30,000 are white, the majority of them Portuguese. There are 24,000 Japanese, 21,000 Chinese, 10,000 natives of pure blood, and 8,000 of mixed blood. The total number of Americans is 100,000.

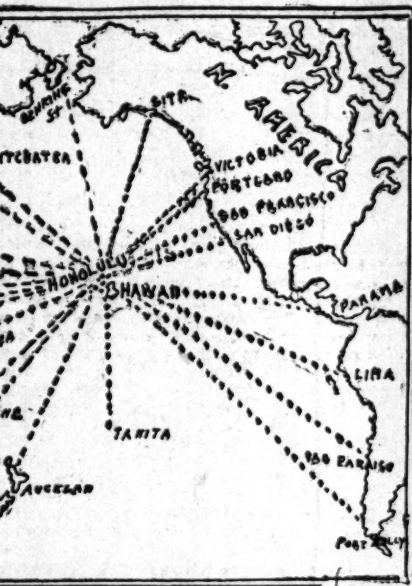
is less than 4,000.

They Would Make Good Citizens.

Asked about the desirability of the natives as citizens, "They would develop excellent citizens," I was told. "They Polynesians, you know, belonging to the same race as the Hawaiians."

the New Zealanders. In color they are light brown, with straight hair, of splendid physique and of intelligence. With annexation we believe they will develop rapidly; and having fully entered the new order of things, they

become staunch supporters of the
alliance. As the figures show, they
the minority in the total popula-
if annexation comes, we naturally



This Map Shows the Statistical Importance of the Island.
A PRIVATE YARD, HONOLULU.

who believe that we have reached an

their sugarless rice or duty, as they are

CATHARTIC

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢
25¢ 50¢

ALL
DRUGGISTS

CANDY
CATHARTIC

...CASCARETS taste good. Just like candy. They remove any bad taste in the mouth, leaving the breath sweet and perfumed. It is a real pleasure to take them instead of nauseating pills.

...CASCARETS are purely vegetable and contain no mercurial or other mineral poisons. They are made of the latest remedies discovered and are a scientific combination never before put together in any form.

BOON FOR MOTHERS

...CASCARETS increase the flow of milk in nursing mothers. A tablet eaten by the mother makes the milk milky, purgative and has a mild but certain effect on the baby, the only one so laxative for infants.

babe-in-arm.

PURELY VEGETABLE

...CASCARETS are purely vegetable and contain no mercurial or other mineral poisons. They are made of the latest remedies discovered and are a scientific combination never before put together in any form.

PLEASE THE CHILDREN

...CASCARETS are liked by the children. They taste good and do good, stop wind-colic and cramps, and kill and drive off worms. All kinds of parasites that live in the bowels of the growing child.

ANTISEPTIC LAXATIVE

...CASCARETS are antiseptic. That means they stop undigested food from entering in the stomach, prevent fermentation in the bowels and kill disease germs of any kind that breed and feed in the system.

CURE GUARANTEED

...CASCARETS, taken patiently, persistently, are guaranteed to cure any case of constipation, no matter how old and obstinate, or purchase money will be cheerfully refunded by your own druggist.

LIVER STIMULANT

...CASCARETS tone the stomach and bowels and stimulate the liver, making it work. They remove the bile and put them into the blood, making their action easy and natural.

HEALTH FOR 10 CENTS

...CASCARETS, sold by all druggists for 10c. 25c. 50c. a tablet according to size. A 10c. tablet will correct the mercurial put you on the right road to perfect and permanent health. Don't risk delay.

Don't judge Cascarets by other medicines you have tried. They are new, unlike anything else that's sold, and infinitely superior.

Try a 10c box to-day, if not pleased get your money back! Larger boxes, 25c or 50c. Sample and booklet mailed free. Address

100

The only genuine.
Beware of cheap imitations!

STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, MONTREAL, CAN., NEW YORK.

NO-TO-BAC cures Tobacco Habit or money refunded. Makes weak men strong. Sold and guaranteed by all druggists. Get booklet

THE FAMOUS PLEW

"Its Nose is Soft"

The acknowledged leader of them all.



AN IDEAL SADDLE
for Ladies and Gentlemen and the only Saddle for the SCORCHER.

The only padded saddle with a pneumatic nose. Constructed of the very best materials. It is the lightest, most comfortable, safe and handsome saddle in existence. Absolutely guaranteed. Specify a PLEW on your wheel. Handled by all dealers.

THREE COLORS:	RETAIL PRICE:	TWO MODELS:
Oak -- Tan -- Black.	\$3.50	B--Ladies', width 9 in. C--Gents', width 7 1/2 in.

لأكبر Distributors of cycle material and sundries in the world.

MANUFACTURERS AND MERCHANTS WAREHOUSE,

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

10-24 WEST WATER ST., CHICAGO.

OIL MILL FOR SALE.

Desiring, on account of advanced age, to retire from active business, and being so authorized by my associates, I offer for sale on the first Tuesday in August, before the courthouse door at Forsyth, Ga., to the highest bidder, without reserve (if not sold by private sale before then), the oil mill and fertilizer plant of the Co-Operative Manufacturing Company, situated at Forsyth, Ga., and located on the Central railroad, just opposite the depot in said city. The property consists of eight acres of land, on which is a six-room, two-story dwelling, servant house, stable, etc., besides the plant, consisting of a two-story brick house, thoroughly substantial and equipped with the latest improved machinery with a daily capacity of thirty-five tons, and capable with a small cost of an increase to fifty tons. Ample houses for storage of seed, meal, hulls, guano, etc. Two steel tanks adjacent to sidetrack, with storage capacity of 100,000 gallons. Connected therewith is a two-story iron gin house, of ample dimensions, in good condition, with seven Eagle gins, capacity 30 to 50 bales per day; one, automatic Skinner engine, 500-horse power, and one Tolbert engine, 80-horse power, all in good condition. Water supply is abundant. The ground is sufficient in area and well adapted for all additional buildings. Climate is excellent.

TERMS—Half cash, balance one and two years with 7 per cent interest, payable annually.

For further particulars apply to
W. T. MAYNARD,
Forsyth, Ga.

In 1890, shortly after the oil mill was built, some of my friends, especially of mill men, said "While you have a very nice little plant we fear the mills in the larger cities will have the advantage of you as the rate of freight is less." At that time I partially agreed with them, but my experience has been different. While the mills in the cities get cheaper coal and better rate for their output of oil, we buy our seed direct from the planter, save from \$1 to \$2 per ton on seed in the way of freight. Our labor costs us less, taxes and other expenses less, and by bartering and selling our meal and hulls to consumers, we are able to sell our output at our mill cost without any cost of freight. The city waterworks has a hydrant through 100 feet of the plant on the south, and with the water main running through the lot on the northwest, 150 feet of pipe will put a hydrant in the midst of the works, giving an abundance of water and fire protection. The general profits of the mill have averaged \$4,000 per annum since the mill commenced. We now have only five or six cars of hulls to dispose of.

W. T. MAYNARD.

The Leader---Superior to All

 THE AUTOMATIC TRAY TRUNK ...

Best in Quality and Style.
Cheapest in Price 

Full line of Suit Cases,
Valises, Traveling Bags,
Pocketbooks and Leather
Sundries. ∴ ∴ ∴



Call on us and save money.



ATLANTA TRUNK FACTORY,
L. LIEBERMAN, Proprietor,
92 and 94 WHITEHALL ST.

Continued from Sixth Page.

Davison

THINKING

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VALUES

Prices

E. KNOWN.

S.
and Polkadot
new designs

om 39c to 15c
S.

China Silks,
real values
piece worth
reduced to 25c

S.
choice of any
color; new and
colorings, fine
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reduced to 50c

S.
the fine Satin
the newest
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reduced to 69c

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reduced to 69c

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reduced to 85c

Wool and
fine finish,
reduced to 59c

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Sam'l Court-
real value
reduced to \$1.48

Organzine,
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reduced to \$1.39

THIS:
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reduced to 20c

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Davison



MRS. CLAUDE MIDDLEBROOKS,
Sponsor for Georgia Veterans at Nashville This Week.

open discussion. Many matters of vital im-
portance were ably discussed by the repre-
sentative women present. The question of
education in the university met with en-
thusiastic recognition, one of the most
eloquent and graceful speeches in its favor
being made by Miss Rosa Woodberry, of
Athens, one of the youngest but most bril-
liant and popular club women in the state.

Woman's Press Club

To Meet Soon.

Mrs. Marie Louise Myrick, president of
the Georgia Woman's Press Club, is com-
municating with the members of that or-
ganization as to the exact time of the
next meeting, to take place at an early
date. Miss Rosa Woodberry, a prominent
member of the club, in reference to it,
says:

"There is no reason why our press club
should not be one of the representative
press clubs in the country, for we cer-
tainly have material enough among our mem-
bers to warrant their union being one
distinguished in every sense. I trust that
the members will all be present at the
forth-coming meeting, and actively co-
operate with Mrs. Myrick, the efficient pres-
ident, in the plans she has for the further
strength and development of the club."

It is no secret that there has been dis-
satisfaction among the active press women
of the organization, on account of what



FLOWERED ORGANDIE GOWN FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

has seemed the indiscriminate admittance
to the club, and whatever privileges it
may hold out, by women not eligible to
membership.

In fact, the resignation of one or more
prominent women journalists has been at-
tributed to this cause. They reasonably
argue that it deprives the organization,
in the strictest sense of the term, would
confine the membership of a woman's press
club to between twelve and twenty mem-
bers.

Interviews with prominent press women
recently indicate their determination to
uphold the dignity of their organization
by making it one unquestioned as to the
rights and honors it should enjoy among
the press clubs of the country.

Among the women who will heartily sup-
port Mrs. Myrick in any plans she may
have on hand for the advancement of the

present Georgia Press Club, may be men-
tioned Mrs. William King, Mrs. Lollie
Belle Wylie, Mrs. Beulah L. Mosely, of
Rome; Miss Edna Caine, Summerville;
Mrs. Louie Gordon, Miss Rosa Woodber-
ry, Miss Ellen Dorch and many other
capable women associated prominently
with the press.

For the Field Day.

Mrs. Sarah B. Heard, recording secretary
of the Georgia Federation of Woman's
Clubs, has made known the conditions of
the excursion rate on the certificate plan
to the observance of field day at Warm
Springs.

Persons desiring to avail themselves of
the reduced rates must purchase a first-
class ticket to the place of meeting at the
regular tariff rate, and at the same time
procure a certificate from the ticket agent.
If a through ticket cannot be obtained at
the starting point, a ticket should be pro-
cured to the most convenient point, and
there another ticket be purchased and a
certificate be obtained from each agent
from whom ticket is bought.

It is absolutely necessary that certifi-
cates be obtained indicating that full fare
has been paid for going passage, and the
route for which ticket for the return
journey should be sold. No refund of
fare will be made on failure to obtain
certificate.

Tickets for the return journey will be
sold at one-third fare to persons holding
the certificates. No certificates will be
honored for return ticket unless presented

dial, of the daily press, and Looking Glass,
of the weekly press.

Collier-Harris.

Mr. C. A. Collier announces the engage-
ment of his daughter, Miss Julia Florida,
to Mr. Julian LaRose Harris, the wedding
to occur in the fall. Miss Collier is the
eldest daughter of Mayor Charles A. Col-
lier. Mr. Harris is the eldest son of Mr.
Muel Chandler Harris, the well-known
author.

Miss Sarah Carter, after a delightful
visit to Rome, has returned to the city, and
is with her aunt, Mrs. Jeter on Jackson
street.

One of the most delightful musical and
literary entertainments of the season will
be given on Tuesday evening, June 22d,
by Miss Lazarus, at her home, No. 28
Orange street, complimentary to Mrs. Ruth
Ward Kan. Among those who will contrib-
ute to the evening's pleasure are Miss
Lazarus, Dr. A. E. Sedden and Professor
I. M. Mayer.

The lawn party to be given at the home
of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Chamberlin Wednes-
day afternoon and evening will be a very
delightful affair. Luncheon will be served
from tete-a-tete tables on the lawn, and in
the evening a brilliant musical programme
will be rendered within the house.

Miss Rowena Woodruff has returned home
to Griffin, where she will spend part of the
summer, later visiting Fort Smith, Ark.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins and baby, Mrs.
W. B. Prescott and baby, Mrs. Raymond
Ebra and Mr. L. N. Manahan are at the
Arlington, Gainesville, Ga.

Misses Jennie and Mattie Collinsworth,
of Grantville, are spending a few days
with their brother at the Garden.

Miss Ione Camp, of Grantville, is visit-
ing friends in the city.

Captain and Mrs. John Postell, of Char-
terville, were the guests of friends in the
city yesterday.

Misses Jessie and Willie Kate Reid are
visiting relatives in Palmetto, Ga.

Mrs. W. M. Jordan is visiting friends in
Ohio for the summer.

Miss Alene Munroe will entertain a num-
ber of prominent society people at a de-
lightful house party next week.

Mrs. John A. Brantly, of Macon, is visit-
ing her sister, Mrs. H. J. Bruce, No. 66
East Cain street.

Mrs. W. S. Brantly, of Macon, is visiting
her son, Mr. F. B. Brantly, on Angier
avenue.

Mrs. R. Louis Griffin, of the Atlanta News-
paper Union, is spending a few days in
Macon.

Miss Ida Evelyn Lewis, who has recently
returned from the Emerson college of
Boston, has returned from Sandersville,
where she gave several enjoyable readings.

Hon. Evan P. Howell, Miss Ann V. Don-
nelly, Mr. W. C. Seymour, Mr. P. H. Mor-
ris, Mr. W. B. Byck and wife and Mr. W.
W. Lewis, among the Atlanta guests at
Tata Springs.

Dr. Dana Stanton, of Macon, Ga., has
returned home from a visit to friends in
the city.

The Manning Circle meets Wednesday
morning at 10 o'clock at the home of Mrs.
Klein, No. 84 East Cain street.

The school and music class of Miss Annie
Jones gave a delightful entertainment
during the week. Among the features of
the programme was the kindergarten chil-
dren in their bright songs, while the
music rendered by the older pupils was
excellent.

Mrs. DeForest Algood, of Griffin, passed
through the city this week en route from
St. Simons.

Miss Lucile Harrison entertains a party
of friends at cards and a dance next week.

Mrs. L. G. Fleck entertains a party of
friends next Wednesday evening.

Mr. Knowles, of Florida, is the guest
of his son, Mr. Clarence Knowles.

Mrs. Nesbitt has returned to Marietta
after a short visit in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Inman have return-
ed from St. Simons.

Miss Nellie Phillips leaves next week
for Nashville, where she will be the guest
of Miss Richardson.

The Misses Leary will spend the sum-
mer at Flat Rock, N. C.

Mrs. Dunbar Roy is visiting her former
home, Richmond, Va.

One of the prettiest scenes for the eye to
rest upon this summer is an outdoor gar-
dening of young ladies dressed in flowered
organdies, a material that has grown to
be the rage. It is in especially good
evidence, having as it does with the bright
colors of the flowers, the different shades
of green and the clear blue sky of June.

One could easily liken such a scene to a
veritable fairy land. These gowns are the
only wear this season, whether in silk, in
woolen, or in muslin. For garden parties
or other festive occasions the flowered
organdies are supreme. And what could
be cooler, prettier, or, to use an Anglicism,
"smarter" than a charming design which
we print, taken from Harper's Bazar, is
a white ground with sprays of pink flowers
and heavy white lace. The skirt has a
graduated full flounce with an entre-deux
of wide white lace. Three bands of entre-
deux are placed above the flounce, and the
waist is heavily trimmed with the lace.

A collar, belt and a pair of old rose pink taffeta
give a smart look to the gown. The hat
is of cream white straw, trimmed with
taffeta ribbon and pink roses. The parasol
is of taffeta and chiffon.

On last Monday afternoon at the home
of her parents in Capitol Avenue Cecil
Cheney entertained her little friends and
schoolmates at a birthday party. Among
those present were Ada Bell, Pearl E. Ful-
ler, Helen Goldridge, Sybil Beach, Madge
Malone, Jennie Akridge, Josephine Davis,
Maggie Massengale, Antonette Blackbird,
Miss Ethel Moll, Pauline, Nellie and Dottie
Gibbs, Lizzie Crawley, Robert Cunningham,
Ham, Fred Crawley, Henry Goldsmith, T. C.
and John Moll, Frank Malone, Curtis
Johnson, Thad Akridge, Raymond Massen-
gale, Sidney Beach, Donald Fuller.

Mrs. Louie Gordon, Miss Lute Gordon
and Miss Augusta Wylie will visit Nash-
ville next week.

Human skill and the perfection
of appliances is the only way to produce
better than Libbey Cut Glass the
world's standard. This trade mark is cut
on every piece of genuine.

THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.

The Place to Spend a Vacation and Enjoy Yourself Gloriously.

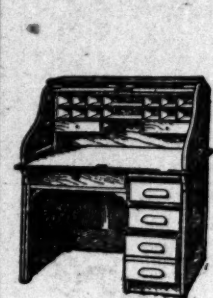
Nearly twenty-five years ago Colonel O.
G. Staples built the Thousand Island house
opposite Alexandria bay in the Thousand
Islands. Since then it has been a place of
conducting hotels continuously and has
been a place of resort for the aristocracy
of the world. The house and National
Hotel of Washington, both of which are
under the management of the same firm,
have achieved an international reputation.
But the matchless attractions of the
Thousand Island house are too strong to
be resisted by the genial colonial and
this year he returns to the ownership and
management of the same hotel he built in
1872—that is, it retains its christened name,
Thousand Island house. All else is differ-
ent. The hotel has been thoroughly re-
novated, almost rebuilt, refurnished through-
out, the plumbing revised and fifty new
bathrooms added. And the hotel is the
from the first story to the fifth. The
illumination is by electric light. In the
the hotel is equipped with every conven-
ience and appliance that could add to the
comfort and pleasure of visitors.

High Grade Furniture
a Specialty.

M. RICH & BROS.

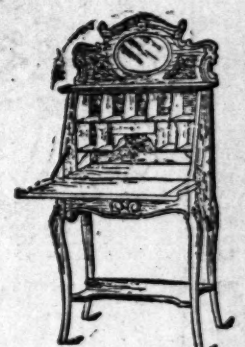
The Only Exclusive Rug
Department South.

The Story of Special Values Mentioned in This Advertisement Tells of a Few of the Many Desir-
able Articles We Are Offering in Our Furniture, Rug, Matting and Drapery Departments.
They Are Good, But Low-Priced. Hard to Match, Impossible to Beat!



We Will Sell You a
Roller Top Desk,
Like Cut,
THIS WEEK
—FOR—
\$12.50.

Large Variety
Ladies' Secretaries,
Ranging in Price
—FROM—
\$4.75 to \$25.



Just received a large
shipment of Bedroom and
Sitting Room Rockers, in
Cobbler Seat, Cane and
Upholstered.

100 Cobbler Seat Rockers.....\$1.50
35 Upholstered Rockers.....\$2.25
50 Cane Seat Rockers.....95c

Buy Your Rockers

At Rich's



This Handsome Willow Rocker, \$3.25.

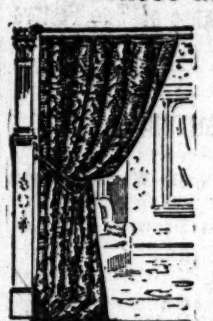
A car load of new Wil-
low and Rattan Chairs,
in all styles and shapes,
and very handsome, just
arrived.

75 New Willow Rockers.....\$1.50
95 New Rattan Rockers.....\$2.25
85 New Willow Rockers.....\$4.25

Every One

A Bargain

These Goods and Prices Will Readily Commend Themselves to Prudent Buyers.



Drapery Department.

Some Facts and Figures that
prove Our Prices the Lowest.

50 pairs Full Width Nottingham Curtains in New Designs.
The \$1.25 grade for 85c. The \$1.75 grade for \$1.10. Our \$5.00
Irish Point Curtains, \$3.50. Our \$7.50 Irish Point Curtains,
\$5.50. All Portieres that were \$5.00 now \$3.00. All Portieres
that were \$6.50 now \$4.50. New Patterns in Drapery Swiss
at 10c and 12½c. 30c Denims at 20c.



VISIT ATLANTA'S POPULAR RUG DEPARTMENT—We are showing
the largest line of Foreign and Domestic Rugs in the city. Our Smyrna
Rugs for \$2.00; best \$5.00 Smyrna Rugs for \$3.00. See the 9x12 Smyrna Carpets we offer at \$17.50.
MATTINGS—30 rolls Heavy China Mattings, worth \$6.00 and \$8.00 per roll, slightly stained, only
\$4.00 roll.

A GREAT BARGAIN—25 rolls Jap. Mattings, with Cotton Warp and Woven Figures, for Monday
only, \$5.00 roll. Many new arrivals of Mattings this week. See the line at 15c yard, worth 22½c yard;
see the line at 20c yard, worth 30c yard.

Equally as good bargains being offered in Dry Goods Section this week. SEE AD. ON PAGE 12.

M. RICH & BROS. M. RICH & BROS. M. RICH & BROS.

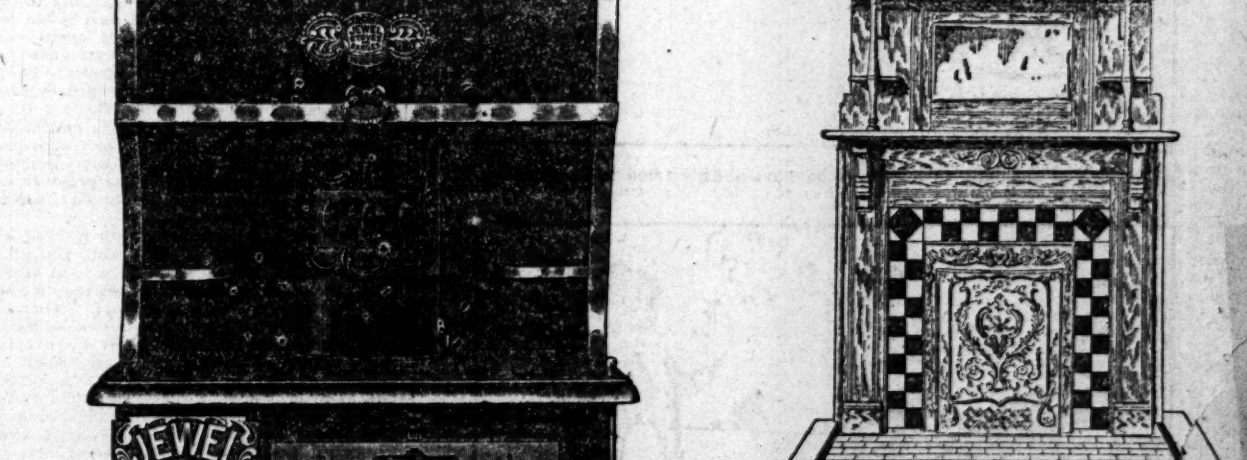
SEE! SEE! SEE! MANTELS,

THE BEST STEEL RANGE

Complete, with beveled
plate mirrors, tile hearth
and facing, club grates
for

On the market. Lined with asbestos; made of best
steel plate and malleable castings; burns wood, coke
or coal.

\$12.50



We can give you better Mantels
for your money than any other
south. See our \$12.50, \$13.50, \$15,
\$16 and \$20 Mantels. We guar-
antee them 25 per cent cheaper
than you can duplicate them in
the city.

The Odorless Refrigerator Is the Best

It uses less ice, requires no
cleaning out, and is the only Re-
frigerator that will keep meat,
fish, milk and butter, onions,
cheese, fruit or anything that has
an odor all together without con-
tamination. No other dealer will
guarantee theirs to do as much.

Gas and Electric Fixtures 10 per
cent cheaper than the cheapest.
Hose, Hose Reels, Lawn Sprin-
klers, Yard Hydrants, Ice Cream
Freezers, Ice Picks and other sea-
sonable goods at low prices.

Our cut of 20 per cent
on Plumbing, Gas and
Sewer Work still contin-
ues. We are doing the
Plumbing for the people.
Our prices talk.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

HURNCUTT & BELLINGRATH CO.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE WIG.



1. Mr. Mishin Airy—Those Indians appear hostile.



2—"Hoo! da! Big Indian chief so alp pale face."



3. Mr. Mishin Airy—Don't exert yourself, brother, here's my scalp, take it."

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.



1.—The size of the ball as it looked before Johnnie tried to catch it.—



2.—and how it felt.

NONE TO SPARE

Chollie—I say, my little lad, if you scare my horse again, ah, I'll give you a piece of my mind, don't che know.
Johnnie—Better not, ye won't have any left.

THOSE QUEER GIRLS.

He—Why don't you dive? What are you waiting for?
She—I'm waiting until those horrid men pass by.

SARGE PLUNKETT

Makes the Acquaintance of Two Festive
Bicycle Riders.

CATCHING LIGHTNING BUGS

The Men Upon Wheels Make a Good
Impression, but They Play a
Prank on Brown.

For The Constitution.

The lightning bug is a powerful innocent looking little thing, but Brown gets his teeth whenever he sees one and I expect he has just cause for so doing.

Last Tuesday there rolled up to our spring two as fine bicycle riders as you ever put your eyes upon. They were dressed in fine clothes, had all the ease and elegance of gentlemen, seemed solid and business-like from the start, and were loaded down with all sorts of canned goods and other good things for an "outing." They caught Brown's eye at once and held his good opinion, and I myself was most favorably impressed with their dignity and gentlemanly qualities.

The truth is, it was a case of confidence at first sight, and I feel sure that they would have impressed most anybody with their greatness and gentlemanly qualities.

When they had tumbled their wheels over on the grass by the spring they at once became sociable with me and Brown and we learned that they were just out for a day's recreation, though you could tell that they would not mind buying a few hundred acres of land, just as an investment, if they were to run up on any for sale—though rest from business and worry was what they wanted principally.

The strangers soon spread enough eating for a dozen out on a cloth they had prepared and nothing would do them but what Brown and I should partake with them. They tossed a dollar to the boys who had brought them some milk with such reckless abandon that we would have known they were great just from this if there had been no other signs in that direction.

As we leisurely ate of the good dinner Brown got mighty talkative and the strangers were tickled wonderfully over the prospects he entertained on the black-berry crop. After Brown had about exhausted himself, the bicycle men gave us a sort of review of their exploits. They had been in many business ventures and had always been successful. Besides they had invented many useful things and made great discoveries in the arts and sciences. As they talked Brown and I soon became impressed that we were in the presence of two great Edisons, and we acted accordingly.

After we had become entirely worked up as to the greatness of these men, you may imagine how Brown's eyes sparkled when they incidentally remarked that they would like to have about a bushel of "lightning bugs." Yes, they were upon the eve of making public one of the greatest discoveries ever known to science. All they needed to complete their experiments was a bushel or two of common everyday "lightning bugs," for which they were willing to pay the most fabulous prices—Brown's eyes sparkled and I felt some interest myself.

"Just these common old lightning bugs that fly around at night?" asked Brown.

devously, as he raised himself upon one knee and looked at the strangers intently. "That is it," replied the youngest of the bicycle men with great dignity and deliberation, "we would pay most any price for these bugs delivered at our office in Atlanta."

This set Brown afire. He quit eating and got upon his feet and walked around a little. Turning to the bicycle men he almost exclaimed: "I can furnish the bugs; no trouble about that."

"Very well," said the wheelman, with dignity, as he passed over some finer cigars than ever we had seen before.

"Oh, yes," said Brown, "I can furnish the bugs, in fact I would be glad to enter the bug business."

"Good, good," said the youngest of the bicycle men, "the very man we wanted," as he looked at his partner and struck a match on the sole of his shoe.

"Oh, yes; you bet that I can furnish the bugs—no trouble about that, not a bit, not a bit," said Brown, crossing his arms behind his back and allowed the young man to stick the burning match to his cigar.

"It's a bargain," said the bicycle man. "We will pay you \$100 upon the delivery of a bushel of good healthy lightning bugs at our office in Atlanta."

The contract was made. The bicycle men gave Brown their street and number and rolled away rejoicing while Brown and I sauntered up to the house to tell the story to the women and children.

"And what in the name of goodness do they want with a bushel of lightning bugs?" said Mrs. Brown, looking over her spectacles.

"To experiment with," blurted Brown. "It's a new invention of a light that is to take the place of lamps, gas or electricity—great, great."

Mrs. Brown would have inquired of her husband just how he was going to measure a bushel of lightning bugs, but before she had time to carry out her purpose, an old friend had rushed out and returned with an old hamper basket and asked for some cloth to "line" it with. He soon had all his numerous offspring enthused with himself. Mrs. Brown sighed just a little, but she brought an old gauze window curtain and the work began of fixing the basket to hold the bugs. The basket was lined with the gauze and fixed with a cover—just leaving a little hole to put the bugs into the basket through, and then the task began of waiting for twilight to arrive for the bugs to appear.

I could not relate half of what took place during this period of waiting. Brown spoke in whispers and enjoined secrecy, for fear some of the neighbors might catch on and enter the field for some of the gains. He slipped over and hired two negro families to appear at his house at twilight, leaving them to wonder what in the world he wanted with them that time of night. He agreed to pay these negroes a fearful price, being the work was at night, and had them to bring along every child large enough to wrestle with a lightning bug. When he had returned from the negro's him and his off-spring held the most enthusiastic meeting, and built some of the most beautiful castles ever erected in the air of DeKalb county, Georgia.

Twilight came, and in the meantime a light shower of rain had fallen. The bugs came as they only come after a shower, and the Browns—little and big—were in the field, soon to be re-enforced by the two negro families.

I could not watch all the antics that took place. Brown was as much as any

two eyes could cover, and there was no time for winking to cover him—he was a regular three-ring circus. Of all the jumping and turning and twisting, they had it after them bugs. In order to be the more supple, Brown had pulled off his boots and went in barefooted. He stuck a thorn in his heel on the very start and he hopped around right lively like a dog trying to catch his own tail for a minute, but never a complaint did he utter. He darted here and he darted there. He tramped this child and then trampled another. Him and Mrs. Brown had several collisions, but he at last laid her out and left her to drag herself to the house as best she could. Once he got tangled in a wire fence, and I was fearful that he would ruin himself forever, as he floundered wildly, but he held to the bugs in his left hand and caught one with his right as the shirt on his back ripped clear up to the neck. He came out of the fence scratched and bleeding, but he went, helter-skelter, while people from town passing along the road had stopped, wondering if all the Browns had run crazy.

The children, one by one, had broke down and snored off to the house, and the negroes left at midnight, but Brown kept on. The old man was there till broad daylight and a bushel of bugs was his. It had been no failure. He smiled as he peeped into the basket. He smiled at breakfast. He smiled as he looked upon the bumps he had raised on Mrs. Brown and smiled as a crippled child would limp in—the smile everywhere and at every thing.

When breakfast was over Brown told his folks to make out a list of everything they wanted while he hitched the old nag to the wagon. Shoes, hats and all sorts of cloth was put down on a list and then the old lady decided to go along herself. They went, and they built many pretty castles as they bumped over the rough road to Atlanta.

If everything had turned out just as the Browns had expected, it would be a pleasant task to end this letter. But it did not turn out that way. As they were in finding the street and number just as the bicycle men had given them, but there were no bicycle men in that building that suited the description of the men wanted. Brown hunted high and low. He went everywhere and inquired of everybody, till at last he was informed that the street and number given by the strangers was the office of Mr. Jumbo Hunter, with the further information that Mr. Jumbo Hunter was more than apt to arrest Brown and his wife both for cruelty to bugs if he saw them and heard the story.

This settled it. The Browns returned sadly and slowly to their home. Mrs. Brown pulled her bonnet deep over her face and never took her eye off of the left fore wheel of the wagon till they arrived at home. Brown kept his eye on the right fore wheel, while never a word was spoken never a sigh was heard, but who could measure the depth of disappointment that ranked in the hearts of the two old people?

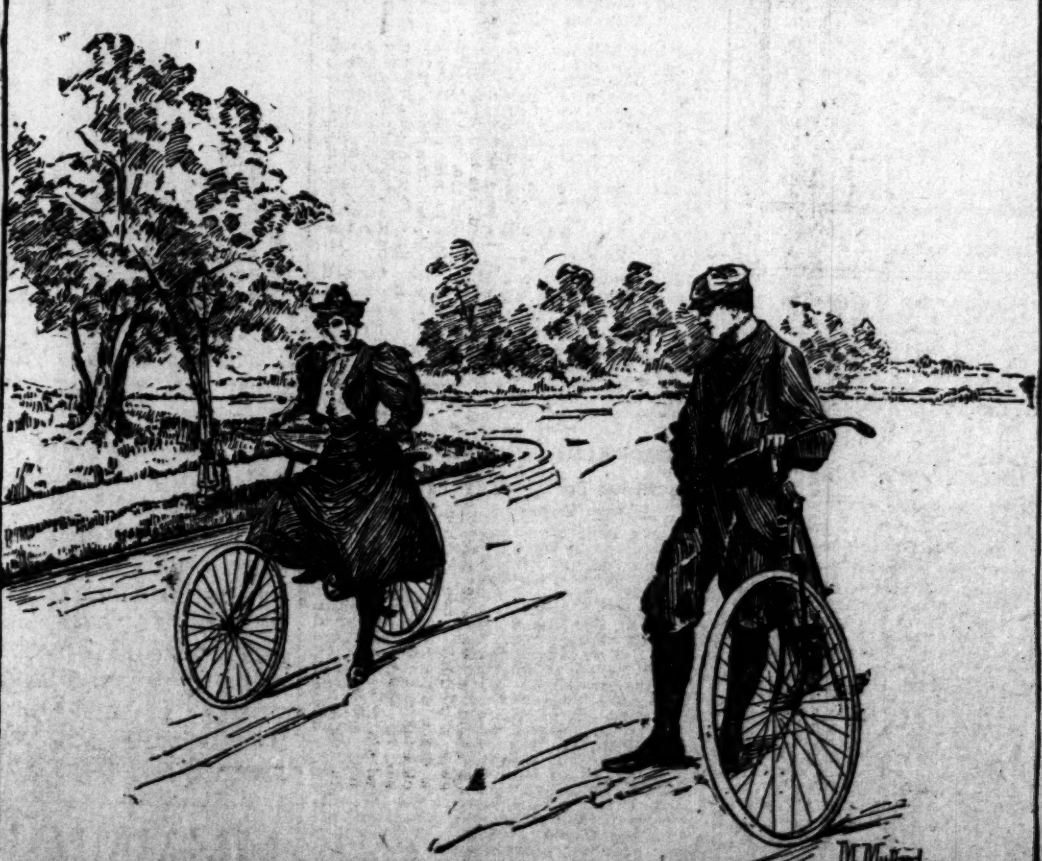
I can see Brown and his wife now from where I write. The blood has settled under the eyes of Mrs. Brown from the bumps received till she looks as if she might have been down to Oakesh on a spree, but she watches her husband with somewhat of admiration as he trims the knots on some wicked hickory sticks he brought from the woods on yesterday. He has prepared seven of these wicked sticks already, and no telling when he will stop, but not a word does he speak; not a sign does he give as to what is to be his movements in the future.

I see the two old negroes coming up the spring path now to get their pay for their part of the work. I must be there when they tackle Brown for the money—there will be a scene, I think, and maybe I can judge then as to what my old friend intends to do in the future.

The bicycle men might have seen a lot of fun in all this matter, but it was most serious hard on the bugs.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

HE WON HER.

She—"If you have loved me for the last four years, why did you not propose before?"
He—"I thought you were too young to marry."

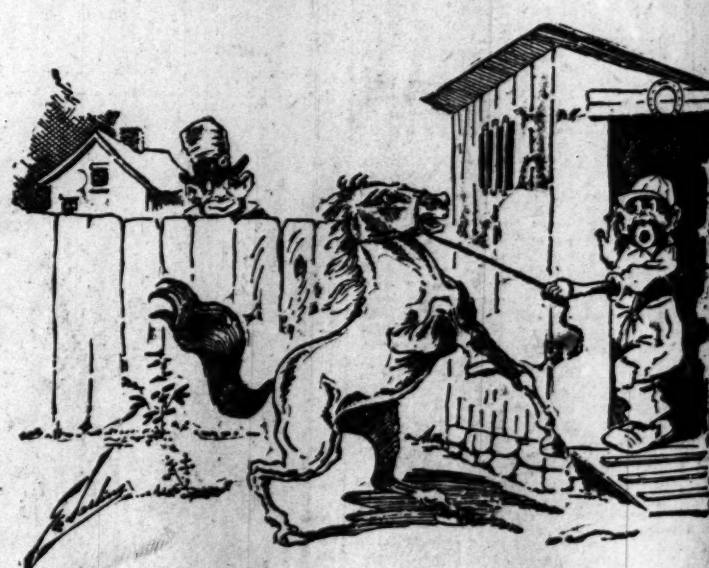
IN DEMAND.

"Have you any mosquito netting?"
"No, just sold the last to a bathing suit maker."

COMPULSORY.

Patticus—I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a bachelor requires.
Thinnicus—Yes, he has to.

LO, THE POOR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Mr. White—Say, Sam, is dat hoss broke yit?
Sam—No, sah, not yit.
Mr. White—Well, I want yo' to hitch him up an' go 'take yo' grandmother out ridin'.

DANGEROUS.

Dumley—Why don't you propose to Miss Peachblow?
Chumley—Her father is a member of the athletic club.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JUNE 20 1897.

Supplement to
The Constitution.

"LO, THE POOR MOTHER-IN-LAW."

CROSBY RUST'S SHOT.

BY PHILIP V. MICHIELS.

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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JUNE 20 1897.

WITH HIS HEROIC BLOOD

By . . .
LANGDON KILMER.

Romantic Sequel to a Thrilling
Episode of the Civil War. . .

A peasant may rival a prince in the depth and sincerity of his feeling; hence rank and condition do not count in the display of noble emotion. But if it adds nothing in the way of pathos, it does lend a halo of dignity and romance to the strange incident here described to know that the heart out of whose tumultuous fullness came forth the greeting, "You spared my father's life in battle," throbbed in the breast of that talented young southerner, Henry W. Grady.

Our meeting was purely accidental. Neither knew of the existence of the other up to that time. Mr. Grady was in the company of General Gordon, with whom I had an appointment for the purpose of comparing notes of the battle of Fort Stedman, one of the most stirring events of the siege of Petersburg. General Gordon had commanded the confederate force engaged in that affair. Although a very humble participant on the federal side, I was in a position to know some of the important details which General Gordon and, as I afterwards found, Mr. Grady, also, was anxious to learn.

General Gordon told how he had obtained permission from his chief, Robert E. Lee, to make a night attack upon General Grant's lines near the Appomattox river, on the eastern front of Petersburg. It was one of the boldest affairs of the kind during the whole war. Gordon selected a dark and foggy night for the enterprise, and with a force of 12,000 men captured Fort Stedman and several adjoining batteries, at the first blow, making a breach half a mile wide in the federal trenches and turning the guns of the federal artillery upon their reserve camps. His attempt to capture Fort Haskell, a strong redoubt about eighty rods from Fort Stedman failed, and failure at that point balked his whole enterprise. That failure had always been a mystery to General Gordon, and it was the one phase of the battle which I was asked to make clear. It had been a sine qua non in his plan of action to have Fort Haskell surprised by a small party of desperate men, who were to dash through the breach at Fort Stedman on the heels of the captors of that work, pass around to the rear of Fort Haskell and enter by the sallyport, where there was but one sentry on duty. This party of one hundred men was misled by their guide, and marched up to the front of Fort Haskell, instead of the rear. Trifles sometimes decide great affairs, and this affair was decided by an erratic timepiece. The watch of the sergeant of the night guard, in whose keeping lay the destiny of our little fort for the time being, happened to be too fast, and he had aroused the garrison by sounding reveille much before the usual hour. Consequently the federal riflemen and artillerymen were alert when Gordon's storming party appeared in front of the fort and came in contact with the pickets, who spread the alarm with the result that the hapless confederates were allowed to march almost up to the muzzle of the guns. A couple of volleys of canister and bullets annihilated the band. After that several attempts by other parties sent out by Gordon from Fort Stedman to silence Fort Haskell were repulsed with great slaughter. The fate of that first storming party was a mystery which General Gordon wished to have explained. Many other interesting points of the battle were talked over, Mr. Grady being a most attentive listener, much to my surprise, for at that time—it was in the seventies—young men of his age were not attracted by war stories.

General Gordon was obliged to bring our interview to a close in order to keep an engagement elsewhere, and again to my surprise Mr. Grady lingered and pressed me for further details of the battle around Fort Haskell. He said that in concert with General Gordon he had used every effort to find living participants among the veterans of the south who had taken part in the struggle around that fort, but that it appeared that none had survived the stirring campaign of which the Fort Stedman sortie was the opening battle. Five Forks the pivotal one and Appomattox the sequel. His interest in the affair was so keen that at first I concluded that it was the only battle he knew much about, even at second-hand, and that he was something of an enthusiast, not to say a "crank" upon that subject. He had upon his tongue's end the full particulars of the storming and capture of Fort Stedman and the batteries, and found in me a most attentive listener. But I was able to surprise him, just as I had surprised General Gordon by an incident of the attack upon Fort Haskell. I said to him that there was one hero among Gordon's men who deserved a monument for his gallantry that morning, and that it would give me great pleasure to take part in erecting one as a tribute to American valor. "I mean the rider of the white horse," said I, looking Mr. Grady calmly in the face, puzzled to note that I touched upon something wholly new to him, for the confederate white horseman of that day was among the most vivid recollections of myself and my comrades. It seemed strange to me that a southerner as well informed as Mr. Grady had proved to be upon that picturesque battle should not catch at once upon this reference. I felt at the outset that it was like carrying coals to New Castle to pour into the ears of a southerner an account of a deed of southern heroism upon the battlefield, the bravest I had ever seen, and I supposed one of the best known in the enemy's camps. But Mr. Grady's interest increased as I proceeded, and I told

the story as though I was the sole witness. Said I, "I mean that major who rode a white horse back and forth between the lines after daylight, when bullets and shells were flying like hail, and finally led a small, forlorn hope to silence our fort and save a line of retreat for those of Gordon's soldiers who had survived the battle and given it up as hopeless." Mr. Grady heard this recital with unfeigned eagerness, and I continued: "You already know from what General Gordon said here to me, and has explained to you before, that on that eventful morning a couple of hours after daylight he saw a vast federal army drawn up around the breach he had made under cover of night, and his little force hemmed in by a murderous fire from the right, left and front. To advance was impossible. To retreat, even over the sixty

upon the battery which was slaughtering his retreating comrades, in the hope of saving the many by sacrificing the few. I had heard of that white horseman several times in the course of the morning. He had been seen again and again galloping back and forth over the narrow field which was the scene of this strange combat. For all that we read of daring deeds in war, such incidents are few and far between, at least that was my experience during three years' service in the Army of the Potomac. I had heard of such things in thrilling accounts of older wars, but had come to the conclusion that they were imaginary pictures. To have such a spectacle under my own eyes, and almost at the end of my rifle barrel, was something startling.

"I fully intended to shoot the hero, and was waiting for the best chance, so as to be sure not to throw away a shot; but as I waited he moved on out of range of the cannon fire—his men around him in a solid and defiant phalanx—paused for an instant, then faced his steed toward us as though to advance and strike our wall upon the flank of the battery, thus avoiding its fire. While my eye was still upon him, he pointed with his sword toward the

friends say, to undertake voluntarily the leadership of a forlorn hope in the crisis of a battle. Such a deed at that time was but a passing incident when the minds of all were filled with regret at the failure of the enterprise, the loss of bosom friends and efforts to save as many as possible of those who survived, and to relieve the distress of the wounded. A soldier can understand that. After the battle Gordon's corps was continually fighting until the end came at Appomattox two weeks later. Many who got out of Fort Stedman were killed in the trenches while attempting to defend Petersburg, or at Five Forks, or in that running fight to Appomattox Courthouse. My father sometimes rode a white horse, a favorite which he never took in until after the others had been shot down under him. This much I learned from General Gordon and other companions in arms."

It was not necessary for me to go into all the details of the situation in order to impress Mr. Grady with the sublime courage displayed by the rider of the white horse. He knew from his close study of the battle that the ground between Fort Stedman and Fort Haskell where the gallant fellow rode to his death, was swept by a fire its whole length on the flank, as well as from our rifles in front. That any number of members of that forlorn hope should have lived would have been marvelous; that its leader, so conspicuously mounted, should have survived would have been a miracle. Men who saw him during his last moments said that his horse could be seen plunging wildly as though smarting under battle shots, and the form of the leader was seen to twist and swerve as though struck by flying missiles. At last, as he raised himself erect in the saddle and pointed with his sword toward the gun which had been the goal, he pitched forward to the earth and the struggle was over. There were scarcely a dozen men at his back when he went down. Mr. Grady followed up my story with one of his own, reviewing the romance of his life, a romance which began with this very forlorn hope of Gordon's. Said he: "When the remnants of the Georgia battalions came back to the old state from Appomattox, I went to find my father's veterans and get their account of his death, for news of his fate had already reached us in our far-away home. But I could not find a single one of the men he had led into battle that day. Then alone and friendless, a green country boy of ten years, I went to General Gordon, an entire stranger to me, and together we began a search all over the south for some of those men who had gone on the charge toward Fort Haskell. That phase of the battle alone was a mystery to General Gordon and all survivors of the day. But we have received no response up to this time, and can only believe that all the men are dead."

"However, I found in Gordon the best friend a young man could have. He has been a father to the orphan of one of his soldiers whom he loved and over whose fate he mourned. Gordon gave me my start in the world, and all through his career as United States senator and governor he has been my friend, adviser and helper."

There was much cross-questioning by Mr. Grady. I told him that we had learned from southerners under the flag of truce which followed the battle that the dead hero was a Georgian, and that he held the rank of major.

"And now that you have given me the story of the Georgia major's death," concluded Mr. Grady, "if you can tell me of his burial spot my sad search of these many years will be ended."

It happened that I had been placed in charge of the detail to gather up the dead and clear our lines for further action after that exciting morning battle, and I knew a soldier living in New York, the city where this interview took place, who had helped deliver the bodies of the dead confederates to their friends. I hunted him up and it transpired that he had carried the dead major to the flag of truce. From him I learned that the men to whom he delivered the body were sent to move away into Lee's lines and in the direction of the old church cemetery, which was a conspicuous mark on the landscape view of our fort. "Was any name spoken when you handed the body to the Georgia soldiers?" I inquired.

"Yes," was the prompt answer, "and I remembered it distinctly for years."

The veteran then ran over several names similar in sound to the one borne by the young Georgian. He came so near to it that it did not seem to me to be a leading question when I said, "Could it have been Grady?"

"That's it, exactly!" said my man.

"Major Grady—and dead!" his soldiers exclaimed as soon as they saw us bring his limp form toward the flag of truce. They made a fuss over him." Some further particulars I learned and communicated to Mr. Grady to aid in the identification of the remains should there be any uncertainty upon that point. He was killed by a bullet through the right temple, and upon his breast beneath the coat was a simple device of steel armor some times worn by mounted soldiers as a life preserver. That armor bore innumerable dents, showing that he had been a target for many clever marksmen, but the fatal bullet had at last sped to an unprotected spot.

Mr. Grady was so overjoyed at the result of our chance meeting that I have always believed he long had nursed the morbid suspicion that possibly his father had not borne himself noble in that battle—in fact, was among the "missing and not dead," and that his army companions, knowing it, were reluctant to give pain

Continued on Fourth Page.



HIS HORSE AROSE MAJESTICALLY.

rods of space that intervened between Fort Stedman, where his men lay, and their own works, most cost him at least the half of his surviving battalions.

"There was only one gun in Fort Haskell bearing upon Fort Stedman, and that was in the center of the wall facing the high embankment and parapet of Fort Stedman, behind which the confederates had taken shelter. So long as they remained there this gun could do them little harm, but when they attempted to get back to their own works they passed directly under the fire of a gun in the angle of our fort, which raked the ground ahead of them with spherical case—a terrible missile at the range, almost as deadly as canister. The confederate sharpshooters back in their old lines kept up a fire upon the angle, hoping to silence that piece, but without effect. Our gunners were Germans, and the chief of artillery of our brigade, a German major, stood upon the banquettes, field glass in hand, with head and shoulders above the parapet, and directed every discharge of the gun. My company was stationed around that angle, and after firing savagely for some time the major suddenly told his gunners to cease, and called out to the riflemen who were nearest the embrasure, 'Shoot the man on the white horse!' I was summoned away at that time by duties elsewhere, but I returned a few moments afterwards to find the piece again in action, the major at his post, and just as I reached the spot the sergeant of our company, crouching so as to keep his head below the parapet, moved back from the opening of the embrasure, and, handing me his rifle, said: 'Here, Vet, try your hand. See if you can bring down that man on the white horse.' I had a reputation for marksmanship, and, seizing the rifle, advanced close to the embrasure, where I could take aim with my head somewhat sheltered, and not be harmed by the flash of the cannon barking at my elbow. A hasty glance at the ground in front of Fort Stedman showed me that there was a stream of confederate soldiers in very much of a rout pouring out of the captured fort back to their own lines, and that the shots from the gun by which I stood plowed through the mass with fearful effect. A man on a white horse, with his face turned toward Fort Stedman, was trying to urge and guide his frantic steed toward that fort. Behind him were 200 or 300 soldiers in gray, struggling after through the retreating mass. The white horse was plunging and leaping so wildly that I found it impossible to draw a bead upon his rider. But I kept my eyes upon him across the rifle barrel, moving the muzzle to cover him as he moved. The smoke from the gun beside me occasionally cut off my vision, but I was not long in discovering the true situation. The man on the white horse had brought up from the old confederate lines a handful of daring men, to charge

murderous cannon, which just at that instant sent another shot crashing through the ranks of the retreating men in gray. His horse arose majestically upon his hind feet, and for a moment there was a martial equestrian statue carved out against the background of battle smoke, bristling parapets and indistinct masses of warring men. I was charmed by the sight; yes, carried away by my admiration for the hero who was the central figure of it all. I lowered my piece, discharged it at random, and crawled back from the embrasure, to be met by the sergeant's eager cry, 'Did you fetch him?' 'No,' said I, 'he is too brave to die so.' Whether or not it occurred to me at the time, I have since thought that I must have had a feeling that it would be inglorious to snuff out that flame of peerless courage with a pitiful pellet of lead.

"The sergeant gave me a look of mingled pity and contempt. He had tried his own hand and sent several of his best shots, one after the other, to the embrasure to try to bring down the man on the white horse, and of course he felt chagrined to be obliged to confess to the gallant artillerymen who were so valiantly fighting that gun that he had no marksman equal to the emergency. However, the incident was soon forgotten, for we had a hot time in repelling the charge led by the man on the white horse, and in repairing the damages caused by a fierce fire poured into our corner from the old confederate lines. The sergeant himself was terribly wounded a few moments afterwards, and from that time on to the end he had no thought but for his own miseries. In looking over the parapet to keep the run of the fight, which was of course very brief, I caught one or two glimpses of the man on the white horse riding through the storm of bullets which greeted his advance. Soon all was over, and our men were sending up cheers of victory. Rejoicing with the rest, I forgot all about the rider of the white horse until I heard some of the men discussing the particulars of his death. When we went outside of the walls to examine the battlefield, we found the body of an officer wearing the insignia of a major, lying within thirty feet of our parapet with his head toward our wall, his sword firmly held in a death grip and pointing toward the gun which had given his life and that of many brave men to silence. He had been shot from his saddle and after his fall the horse, doubtless already smarting under many wounds, had turned and attempted to leap a ditch and parapet nearby. In that act he was killed by a shell which passed completely through his body."

"When I had finished, Mr. Grady exclaimed: 'You spared my father's life in battle.' 'My father,' he continued, after a pause, 'served with Gordon, and was killed that morning, and I have spent the years since then trying to learn the circumstances of his death, but no one could tell me. He was just the man, so his

"LONE ROBINHOOD,"

BY PHILIP V. MIGHELS.

OR

CROSBY RUST'S SHOT.

Across a meadow, where the willows fringed a creek, came a merry whistled tune. Very soon, through the trees, that he had bent right and left, came a much-befreckled boy. He was decidedly plain, but his keen blue eyes had a frank, unflinching look, and he walked with a certain assurance of strength. His hands were large, ungainly and freckled like his face. In one hand he held his hat, while carried in the other was a long, slender bow, unstrung and somewhat clumsy. It had never been polished nor touched with paint or varnish, nor even smoothed. The edges left by the tools were not entirely free from marks of soiled and sweaty hands, yet the thing looked stout, well shaped and fashioned with skill.

On his back the whistling young fellow bore a rude and home-made quiver, that was filled with arrows, which looked, like itself, unfinished and not very pretty.

He arrived very soon at a wall, which he climbed, to find himself face to face with two of his school companions. One was Norma Everglade, a bright and winsome young girl; the other, Peter Yerrison, a natty and dapper little fellow, whose father, being wealthy, had somewhat spoiled him in manners. The two were waiting by the side of a tree for the rest of the club that had formed at the school to come for the afternoon's practice at archery. Norma was holding in her hand a bow that was beautiful to see. It was graceful, polished and tipped at the ends very prettily. The bow that was owned by Peter, however, was finer by far. Quivers of leather, embossed and pleasantly colored, depended from neat and handsome belts that encircled the waists of the two, Peter's having silver for its buckle.

As he stood for a moment on the wall, the freckled young fellow ceased to whistle.

"Hallo, Freckles-Rust, I mean," said Peter with a grin. "What do you call that club of wood—not a bow, I hope?"

"Oh," said Norma, slightly smiling, "Isn't it funny? You are always so comical, Crosby. I saw a lovely bow at the store today that you can buy, with everything complete, for the price you won—\$5, you know—I should think you'd get it."

"I say, Freckles-Rust, I mean," added Peter, who always used this manner of addressing Crosby, "you don't intend to try and join the club and shoot with that?"

"Of course, he doesn't," said Norma, who was often thoughtless, "he can get a bow as well as any one. But where in the world did you get that awfully ludicrous thing with arrows in?"

Crosby's face had slowly lost its signs of gladness. He was just about to answer something when a shout from half a dozen girls and boys resounded from a clearing not 100 yards away. Mr. Richardson, the teacher, armed like all the others, with a bow, was rapidly approaching. Slipping quickly from the wall, as the two turned shortly to answer the friends who were coming, Crosby, red with mortification and with wounded pride, ran swiftly up the meadow and disappeared before he was missed.

Starting along the field to the place where their target was soon to be erected, the girls and boys were suddenly halted.

"Where's Rust?" said the teacher. "I thought I saw him on the wall?"

"Why, yes, I guess you did," said Norma, beginning to wonder if what she had said had not been kind, "but he didn't seem to have to have a suitable bow."

"Too bad," replied Mr. Richardson, resuming the march. "I'd have loaned him mine very gladly."

"I wish I had offered him mine," said the girl; "he might have used it just as well as not." She was really proud to know the boy who had won the prize, from even herself, at the end of the term, but now she began to be afraid that Crosby was wounded. She knew she was careless as well as she knew that Peter Yerrison was hateful, but had not intended to be "mean" for a moment. With her vain regrets for what had happened her day was nearly ruined.

Crosby ran and walked, and ran again, like something wild; he couldn't get far enough away. To think that Norma, who had always been his friend, would stand there with Yerrison saying such withering things. Join their club? No! He wouldn't go near it! He threw himself down on the ground and buried his head in his arm.

The \$5-bow and its quiver at the store—how it rankled in his breast. As if he had not seen it there, yearned to possess it, fondled it, aimed with it—and left it with a sigh at the end. And then he had gone to the grocer and paid him his bill with the precious \$5 he had won, and carried the folded receipt to lay on his mother's machine as she sewed. How happy he had felt, how sweetly she had kissed him and smiled through her tears; how gladly and joyfully then he had gone to work to make him a bow of the piece of seasoned hickory that long had lain in the loft!

Thinking of all he was gradually but certainly calmed. He slowly rolled over and looked at the sky. It was just the blue of his mother's lovely eyes, he thought. Then he sprang to his feet and grabbed his bow.

"I would do the same again!" he exclaimed aloud, springing his bow he twanged it heartily. "I'll form a club myself," he said, "and be the only member, captain, men and all, and this shall be the trusty bow!" He notched an arrow, drew it defiantly as far as he could and shot it with wonderful swiftness and force, away through the willows and across the meadow, where it struck at length in the trunk of a tree, to foam the sap and to bury its head in the solid wood. And about this moment young Yerrison was telling sneeringly to one of the boys how "Lone Robin-

hood" had sneaked away ashamed to be seen with his bow and quiver.

Crosby left the shaft to be his "mark," and walked away rapidly home. Up in the loft he went again, taking pieces of glass and sandpaper. All the afternoon he scraped and worked at his bow, reducing the roughness, smoothing the marks of his tools, rubbing the long, straight taper till the wood grew hot and was pleasant and polished to the touch. At last he bound the middle with a smooth stout cord, well waxed, shellacked the wood and placed the finished weapon in a rack to dry.

Day after day of the summer vacation Crosby went to the woods or the fields to practice with his bow, to learn the way

woods, his bow in his hand and his quiver on his back.

It was really like Robin Hood again, and royal was his welcome. Then came a clamorous demand that he shoot a score, for all declared he belonged to the club and had to take his chances for the medal. "What is a score?" he inquired with a smile.

They told him quickly and he whistled. Norma colored with pleasure at the compliment. He stepped to the mark and began very slowly to shoot.

"What a club of a bow," muttered Peter, half aloud, but no one paid attention, for all could see that Crosby was shooting with a force and accuracy that none could afford to despise.

A one, a five, a nine he made, and all cried "Good!" He landed in the outside ring, in the top, in the bottom, in the gold of the center, and the teacher, who was watching very keenly, was presently aware that the lad could stick an arrow where he chose at a range so short.

Slowly the score went on toward the

sound, and broke off the arrow as he rolled upon the sod.

The "Robin Hood the Long" pulled his arrows from the target and strode away abruptly to the trees, and was gone.

"O, you've got to keep the medal," said Norma to the boy. "The whole club says you've got to have it, for you won it 'fair and square.' If ever anybody made a bull's-eye in the world, you made it with that splendid shot. But wasn't it awful? O, wasn't it awful?" She shuddered as she thought of what they had seen that day. Then she added cooly: "If you really want me to have a prize, why, I think I'd like it if you'd make me a bow and a quiver-like yours."

A HIGH KITCHEN GARDENER

Statue Recently Unveiled in Honor of Father of Modern Horticulture.

There dwells in the French section of Montreal a charming old lady, who claims by hereditary right the curious title of high kitchen gardener (*grande jardiniere au potager*) to the kings of France.

Mlle. la Quintinye's boast is no idle one. She has legal documents a plenty in proof of all her assertions; one of which ancient parchments is a patent dated 1673, conferring upon Pierre Jean la Quintinye and his heirs forever the rank and style quoted above.

Pierre Jean la Quintinye was born of good parentage at Chabonais in the Charente during the year 1624. He began life as a lawyer, but plants and fruit trees had more attractive for him than musty papers, so that he traveled in Italy and England with a view of studying the useful side of horticulture. On his return the great prime minister, Fouquet, became his patron and eventually Louis XIV took him up. Hitherto the royal kitchen garden (*potager royal*) had been an affair of little magnitude, but King Louis resolved to make it a great institution. With this end in view he gave La Quintinye carte blanche, and then it was that the patent was issued, making the La Quintinye stock nobles and creating them "hereditary high kitchen gardeners to the throne." A coat of arms was granted to the grand *jardinier au potager*, consisting of a "fruit tree proper, upon a field of azure," the particular kind of fruit tree not being specified in the blazonry. This honorable coat Mlle. la Quintinye of Montreal still proudly displays, with a "lozenge"—the mark of femininity in heraldic bearings.

The kitchen gardens of the king took five years to lay down and plant and they cost his majesty 1,170,983 livres, exclusive of the grand *jardinier's* large pension. Their construction caused a revolution in kitchen gardening the world over and La Quintinye was permitted by the king to plan similar ones for the d'Orleans and other potentates. La Quintinye died in the midst of his triumphs, October 8, 1688. His only son was too young to fulfill the post of grand *jardinier*, so Louis XIV permitted the family to hold that title while other persons did the actual work under the name of "deputies au grandes jardins." Nicholas Bernad was the first "deputy high kitchen gardener."

At the outbreak of the revolution M. Philippe-Raoul La Quintinye, the hereditary high kitchen gardener, was actually an assistant to his titular deputy, M. Antoine Richard. Richard was permitted by the mob to remain in authority, but M. la Quintinye was glad to fly the country, and take up a small fief which former kings had granted to his sires.

The present high kitchen gardener is a fierce royalist, believing that Don Carlos de Bourbon is the rightful king of France, Spain and Navarre, and utterly scouting the pretensions of republicans. Orleansists and Bonapartists. Still, when in France, a few years ago, she visited with great pleasure the Ecole Nationale de Horticulture, which occupies the same ground as and is the direct outcome of her ancestor's original garden. But the thing that probably pleased her most was the statue recently erected to that ancestor, the father of modern horticulture—Pierre Jean La Quintinye. Mlle. la Quintinye is, to the best of her knowledge, the last of her race; nor do the pages of d'Hozier contain any mention of other living La Quintinyes. So that with this Montreal lady will perish the title of hereditary high kitchen gardener to the kings of France, created by Louis le Grand in the seventeenth century.

WITH HIS HEROIC BLOOD.

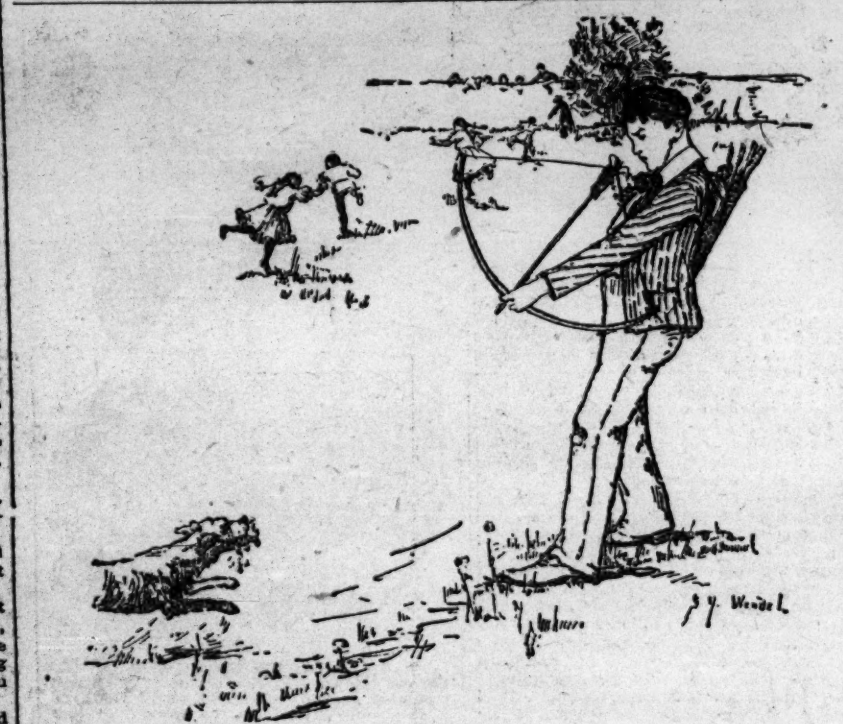
Continued from First Page.

to his family by telling the truth. It often happens that after a man has made a glorious record as a soldier temporary aberration of conduct for which he may not be morally responsible will throw a cloud over his glorious past. To a boy who could not understand the varying fortunes of war, it must have seemed strange that the fate of one so well known as Major Grady, the friend of Gordon, and a hero among his Georgians, should be shrouded in mystery. From that interview I went away with greater pride in the fact that I had withheld my shot that morning than over any soldierly act of my life.

And now this furnishes an explanation for that otherwise ambiguous passage in Mr. Grady's famous New England banquet speech, the sole reference to family or lineage in any of his oral or written productions. Speaking for the young men of the new south, the traditions they revere and the sentiments which inspire them, he said: "In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns the central hill—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children to reverence him who nobled their name with his heroic blood."

A new Russian law forbids the carrying on of trade by sea in foreign vessels and under any but the Russian flag between all Russian ports of the Baltic and Black seas and the Pacific coast. The law will not go into operation until the year 1900.

A precious relic in the shape of a remnant of a British flag that waved over the plains of Abraham when Quebec fell and Montcalm and Wolfe died was presented to the Worcester light infantry at the celebration of its ninety-fourth anniversary.



THE DOG WAS NEARER, HE WAS MAKING FOR THE LAD

that arrows fly and to fetch a squirrel or rabbit that a well-aimed shot had brought to earth. He found his arm growing stronger, his fingers getting together, so that soon he was able to draw his arrows to the head. He had learned to make his arrows longer, too, and straighter, and many of those in his quiver—which now he had covered with the skins of the squirrels—were tipped with sharpened brads and were capable of penetrating through a board.

By the end of a month he was shooting at things as they ran, calculating distance, and, indeed, becoming expert at the fascinating sport. An assurance in the accuracy of his aim began to grow till he felt very grateful that he belonged to his own "private club."

It was getting quite near to the time of the match when the teacher met Crosby one day at his home.

"My lad," said he, "I've been hoping to see you at the meetings of the club. You're a member, you know, elected the day we organized. If you haven't a bow you could always have the use of mine and be welcome."

"I'm very much obliged," answered the boy; "you are very kind, I'm sure. Perhaps I will try to come some day. I knew I'd like it." Not a word did he say of the bow that had met with the aneurs, but he felt himself longing to try it at the target.

The day of the match was the fairest of the summer. The sun, however, shone hot, and the shade was fine to have. Early in the afternoon the club assembled on the green, and the sport commenced. All of the members were present, excepting one; young Yerrison was late, because he stopped for a bit of the cruelty in which he seemed to take peculiar delight. He had found a group of boys who had captured a dog, and he eagerly sought for a can, assisted in tying it to the creature's tail, and laughed and ran faster in glee when the animal, terrified and wild with its awful alarm, went tearing down the street and away toward the country. He came at length to the contest, grinning and feeling very funny.

One after another the boys and girls stepped forward and shot out a score, amid applause and "Oh's" when the struck it in the gold of the center, or missed the target completely. By agreement they had settled on twenty arrows apiece, and merrily they "toed the mark" to bend the long and graceful bows.

There came a time when the boasted skill of Peter Yerrison fell flatly to the earth, for three of the girls beat him badly. Then Norma and Will Sunderland began, and the greatest excitement prevailed. They shot by turns, alternatively, five arrows at a time, and were cheered repeatedly.

Will had finished at last and his score stood high, the best of the day. Norma stepped forward and shot, so prettily and skilfully that everyone was charmed. It came to the last of her arrows; her score had crept steadily up to Will's; they stood so close that the final shot would decide between the two. She was calm and deliberate; she drew her arrow well—and it flew like a streak. A seven would have tied, the gold would have won by two. And a shout went up, for the arrow struck in the line of the eight, and Norma had beaten them all.

Above the chorus of applause was heard a splendid "Bravo!" and all of them turned to see Crosby Rust coming forth from the

mark that was highest for the day. A breathless crowd began to calculate what Crosby must do to win. And Crosby was counting in his mind and smiling to himself. It came to the last.

"He can't! He can't beat her!" came the shout. "He's got to strike in the gold to tie!" Then all was still. As calmly as ever Crosby drew his arrow, as quickly as ever it flew from the string—and there in the center of the round golden spot it was suddenly buried, clean up to the feathers.

For fifteen minutes the shouting continued, and then the captain decided that three more arrows apiece must be shot by Norma and Crosby. Norma went first to the mark. She shot like a Trojan. She was not at all excited. It seemed as if her skill increased. Two of her arrows went straight to the gold, and one was pointed near in the eight.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried boys and teachers and girls. The blushing girl was tingling with pleasure. Her thought, her hope, was to win the medal and to pin it to Crosby for what she had said on that dreadful day at the wall.

Deliberately Crosby drew that long and somewhat clumsy bow. He was further away than the mark, and some of them saw it. "Swish" went an arrow, and trembling it struck in the gold. Very slowly the second came steadily back—a "swish" again, and it stood beside its brother. Another such shot and the medal was his. The hush of the strain and excitement was wondrous—till there came a cry from afar, and a shriek from those behind the boy.

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" came the words across the field.

Then, with startled echoes of the cry, the boys and girls ran hither and yon in a delirium of fear. Young Crosby turned; his arrow already was resting on the string, but his bow had come down. The dog that Peter had helped to torment, now mad with the heat and the mania in his brain, came dashing down the meadow, his eyes ablaze, his mouth wide open and whitened with froth.

"Run, Crosby, run!" cried Norma, as she flew.

"Save yourself! Run for your life to the wall!" cried the teacher as he went.

And Peter, with terrified face and legs a-tremble, fled fearfully, smashing the delicate end from his bow with his foot, as he trod where it lay, and was first of all the archers to gain the adjacent meadow and fly like the coward that he was.

But Crosby stood there waiting. He calmly dropped his arrow and reached for the quiver, that once had been so "ludicrous," drew from its depths a long, straight shaft, from the tip of which a brad of steel projected an inch. The dog was nearer; he was making straight for the lad; the teacher had stopped at the wall, after seeing the girls safely over, and was trying his best to notch an arrow on the string of his bow. With a movement steady the "club of a bow" came up. Then the arrow was drawn till its very tip seemed resting on the hand so far extended to the front, and the hickory bent till it looked like a crescent.

Like a movement of lightning that bow jerked straight, like the flight of a bullet that long, deadly shaft made its hole in the air—like a gun-burled spear it went unerringly at the oncoming dog, struck him squarely in the breast, and its point issued forth at the back of the ribs. The poor mad creature howled to earth without a

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

RALPH CLARK,

Or, Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting.

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A group of girls stood by the window in the Elmore grammar school before the morning session was called, exchanging notes on the class party of the night before, when Mayme Hackett exclaimed:

"Here comes Neil Walters. Now, let's make her sorry for what she did last night."

As she spoke a tall, brown-eyed girl joined the group, and Mayme continued, mockingly:

"We congratulate you on your conquest last night, Miss Walters. How proud you must be of such a young Adonis."

Before Nell could reply Olive Lee spoke: "Nell, do tell us what you meant by going home with Ralph Clark, especially when you had let Tom Potter take you there. And if you had to give Tom the mitten, why did you add the insult of choosing such a boy as that Clark?"

"Tom was awfully angry about it," chimed in Rose Gordon. "I was going with Mayme and Frank Sully, but when you treated Tom that way, I let him take me home, and from the way he talked, I don't think he'll ever like you again."

There was a decided sparkle of satisfaction in Rose's black eyes as she spoke for it had ranked in her pride all winter that Tom Potter, the handsomest and richest boy in town, had seemed to prefer Nell to herself. As she finished with a self-important toss of her head, Nell broke in, rather defiantly:

"In the first place, I have a perfect right to go home with any boy in school to whom mamma does not object, and in the second place, Tom Potter was not a gentleman last night; he was a bully and I don't care how mad I made him."

"Well, I must say that you made a pretty poor exchange," said Olive Lee. "Just look down on the playground, girls, and see for yourselves."

Below, where boys of all sizes were playing, one of the liveliest groups was composed of grammar school boys, their leader being a tall, sturdy boy of about fifteen, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes—a handsome fellow, with a masterful way, as he elbowed this and that one out of his path. The girls gazed on him admiringly, and compared him with Ralph Clark, who had just entered the side gate and was soberly crossing the yard, a slender, pale lad, with an ugly twist in his right foot that caused him to limp painfully.

"Just look at the two boys, girls, and tell us why Nell should have chosen Ralph in place of Tom," said Mayme. "I stood at the door last night as she went out, and when Tom stepped up and asked her if she was ready, what should my lady do but say, as cool as you please: 'Yes, I'm ready, Tom, but Ralph is going to take me home.' And the bashful gawky looked for a minute as if he was turned to stone, but he chirped up immensely and limped off with Nell in a hurry. I suppose he thought she didn't know that leap year was over."

"Girls," said Nell, with flushed cheeks, "I have told you why I didn't go home with Tom, and I will tell you why I went with Ralph. It was because he was the one whom Tom had been tormenting all evening, and if you had been thinking of other people's feelings, you would have noticed it, too. If you don't want to invite Ralph to your own parties, all right, but last night was for the class, and he owed it to his teachers to go, and we owed it to him to be polite to him, but we weren't, and Tom was especially bearish, so I made up my mind at the last moment that I would do my part, anyway, so I went home with Ralph, and I had to offer, for after the way we've ignored him he would not dare ask us."

Just then the great bell in the cupola began to ring, the rat-tat-tat of the drum was heard below, and the scholars, big and little, swarmed toward the building. From their window in the third story Rose Gordon and Mayme Hackett leaned forward to catch one glimpse of the drummer. Tom Potter, outside the entrance below, his cap thrust back, his face flushed, his shoulders erect, as he beat a tattoo for the forming files. The bell ceased, and there was silence for a moment; then, at a signal from the teacher in the door, the drum beat sounded again above the tread of many feet, and kept up its music until the last one was within the door.

Tom glided in his post of drummer boy, and when he saw the well-trained files march to the movement of his hands, he felt an ownership in the whole public school system of Elmore. In a closet outside the door of his schoolroom he kept the drum, and curious nor-vandal hands dared not touch it, nor had its straps overhung another shoulder during the year that he had the post.

Nell Walters went to her desk feeling both indignant and hurt. She, with the rest, had ignored Ralph Clark from the time he had entered school at the beginning of the year, but only because her thoughts were occupied with her studies and with the enjoyments that were planned and carried out by a certain circle of the scholars. While these young folk were inclined to be clannish, and some of them a mite supercilious, as grammar school pupils often are, it was not because of their aristocracy, but that their circle was for the most part composed of young people who had been together since their primary days. The girls did not mean to be unkind to anyone—they were only thoughtlessly happy, and the boys were all strong, joyful young animals, to whom living was a delight, and they did not realize that a boy could be hurt by their bluff indifference, so that no one before had thought of treating Ralph Clark as other than an outsider, or that he could be lonely and miserable.

There was some bickering among the scholars that morning. All of them knew that Tom Potter had constituted himself Neil Walters' cavalier often during the

winter skating parties and other social affairs, and knew by that time, also, that Nell had openly slighted him the night before. The three principals in the affair were eyed furtively. Tom held his head loftily erect, never deigning a glance in Nell's direction, carrying himself with an air of wounded dignity, while Rose Gordon, who sat across the aisle from him put on several pretty little airs for his benefit. Nell kept her eyes on her book, her lips drawn together in a firm red line, and Ralph seemed distressed by the pointed glances that were sent his way, but his eyes filled with a look of gratitude when they wandered across where Nell's curly brown head bent over her desk.

But the novelty of this little sensation was wearing away, and the accustomed humdrum air was beginning to settle in the schoolroom, when Tom Potter was sent to the hallway on an errand, and found smoke oozing from the crevices of the door that led to the cloakroom and cupola above. Throwing it open, a cloud of white, suffocating smoke rolled out into his face, frightening him so completely that he lost all presence of mind and rushed madly down the stairway, his wild screams of "fire!" startling the scholars in every room in the lower floors, and throwing the whole building into a panic. The furnaces were in the cellar, and no fire had been needed for several days, so this burst of smoke from the roof startled the teachers as well as the pupils. That the fire might have been started from a faulty pipe, far below, and, during several days had crept up between the walls until it reached the air in the attic before it made itself manifest, was not thought of.

Almost at the same time that Tom had raised the alarm little puffs of smoke could be seen creeping through crevices in the plastered ceiling, and from the registers in the room as well as surging from the eaves without. Twelve hundred children beneath the roof, that, even now, must be ablaze from below! The teachers strove in vain to quiet the children, who had almost simultaneously rushed for the doors, and were crowded there in a screaming, struggling mass. To the confusion of this wild rush was now added the clang of the great bell, rung by the janitor from below, effectually drowning the voices of the teachers, who sickened at the thought of the lives that would be lost by trampling or suffocation.

Just then, above all the din, arose the familiar tattoo of the drum. It began at the head of the upper stair, but the children all over the building heard and heeded. Mechanically they dropped into orderly lines and followed the drum's beat. The smoke surged about them until they could not see and could scarcely breathe, but, choking and coughing, they clung to the stair rail, and the rear of the ranks guarded by the teachers, they followed the sound of the drum. Leisurely was the march of the leader, and the rat-tat-tat was as calm as though the drummer stood on the playground calling the children to lessons. On the second floor they passed the last of the files from the rooms there, and took up the march after them, according to custom. Half way down the next flight the smoke was not so thick, breathing was easier, and they could see the frightened faces about them. As they filed out of the great hall door they passed the drummer on the outer platform, still lustily sounding his roll.

It was not the brave and handsome Tom Potter, but a slender, gray-eyed boy, with a twisted foot, who bore such a noble look of courageous determination on his face that his schoolmates marveled that they had never seen the lad before.

He had been the first to spring from his seat, but not with thought of his own safety. If he could but reach the drum, to which they had kept step all winter, they might obey its orders. And by it he had that day kept the shadow of death from many a home.

Just as the last of the scholars filed out of the burning building the fire engines thundered into the yard, and at the same time, from nowhere in particular, Tom Potter appeared. He approached the teachers, who were grouped about Ralph Clark, with a sort of shamefaced bravado.

"I—thought I'd better go after the fire engines," he said, uttering his lame excuse rather haltingly, "but some one had turned in the alarm, and they had already started." Then he turned to Ralph, rather haughtily: "Much obliged to you for taking my place, Clark. I'll take the drum now."

"Not so fast, Tom," said the principal, laying a hand on the boy's shoulder. "You deserted your post today, when your services were needed the most, and we have decided to appoint a new drummer. Ralph, the drum is in your hands as long as you remain in school here, and there will be more of a reward of merit to follow, if I can speak for the gratitude of the parents whom you have today saved from bereavement."

The school found temporary quarters for the short time remaining before the summer vacation, and until the term closed there was never a boy so much petted, by girls and boys alike, as Ralph Clark, a treatment under which he seemed to thrive amazingly.

As for the grateful parents, they rewarded this boy hero much as grateful parents do in stories, for it was to them the boy owed the summer's treatment in a noted hospital and sanitarium, so that when school opened again in the remodeled building, the drummer boy was no longer a pale cripple, but a merry-faced lad, growing stronger and rosier each week, true still to his first friend, Nell Walters, though Rose Gordon and the other girls who had once ridiculed him cast friendly glances his way.

MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.

J. B. Heath, Jr., Girard, Ga.—As I have never written to The Constitution Junior I thought I would write. I will describe our house. The front faces the south; it has eight rooms; on one side is a large orchard of every kind of apples; on the other side is the garden. Mamma raises chickens by the hundreds. I am a little boy eleven years old. I have been going to school five years and I like to go very much. My favorite study is history. I see in The Constitution that Aunt Susie requires us to write on subjects, but this being the first I have ever written, I could not write on a subject. I am afraid of that dreadful waste basket, so I will close by saying goodbye to all.



Nellie Edgeworth, Banning, Ga.—Dear Aunt Susie: I am a little girl eight years of age. I live in the country and I have a nice time. I have a pet cat and a little calf. I have a lot of nice little books, of which I have read. I will tell you the names of some of them: "The White Gate," "Hope Conroy," "A Bunch of Wild Flowers," "Robinson Crusoe," "Rab and His Friends," "Grimms's Fairy Tales" and "Jenny and the Birds."

I will inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Robert Noble, Learned, Miss.—Will you give a little Mississippi boy the pleasure of joining your happy band? I am just five years old. I can carry papa's water to the field and help mamma. My papa takes The Constitution and likes it very much. I have three pets. Papa gave me a little bay colt. I named it Topsy; it is gentle and I can brush it. I know my letters and can spell. I hope to see this in print, as I want my grandma in Kentucky to see it. I will inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Vera Nixon, Livingston, Ala.—Dear Junior: I take for my subject "Country Life." Country life is the most pleasant life on earth. Why, then, do so many people spend their lives in the crowded city? We know the city has many attractions, but they are not to be compared to true pleasures of country life. Fresh, pure air, beautiful wild flowers that grow on the hillside and fill the air with their sweet perfume; pretty soft grass that decks the earth in a carpet of green; gentle cows grazing in the meadow; the merry whistle of the plowboy, as he returns from his day's work, and the chirp of gay-feathered songsters as they flit in the leafy woods. All are signs of the blessed peace and sweet contentment that reigns supreme in the country. It is healthier in the country than in the city. The birds sing sweeter and even the sun seems to shine brighter. In the country we are free to roam at leisure through the woods in search of flowers, and when tired of this to throw ourselves listlessly beside a babbling brook and rest in the woodlands' shade so cool, while we twine our fingers into bouquets. We go to picnics and barbecues; take our dinner and stay all day long fishing in the deep, clear pool. We generally have better schools in the country, especially for the little folks. We have thousands of other pleasures in the country that are unheard of in the city. Correspondence solicited.

Irene, Lamar, Ga.—Dear Junior: I will take for my subject our parents. Oh how we should love our dear fathers and mothers. We owe all we are to them. If we are well educated we owe it to them. Once there was a poor widow woman with an only son. She worked for him and toiled and half-starved herself to send him to college, and when that son was graduated with honors and received the gold medal his mother was sitting on the back seat in a faded calico dress and a shawl she had worn for years, but when he received the medal he walked up to that dear mother and pinned it on her and said: "Gentlemen, I did not win that medal; my mother won it, and therefore it is she that deserves to wear it, not me; it was she that won the honors, not me."

How many boys are there now that would have done that? Alas, not many, I fear. Boys and girls, love your parents now while you have them, for you don't know how soon you will lose them. With love to Aunt Susie and all the cousins, I bid you adieu.

Leta and Mamie Godard, Goggansville, Ga.—We were delighted to see our letter in print. We did not think we would write again so soon, but we read your letter about the Grady hospital and you said you lacked \$10 having enough money to furnish the children's room. We have 10 cents that we will send to help pay on it. We think from the description that you give us of The Constitution room that it is beautiful. Our school has closed and it was sad for us to part with our teacher, Miss Janie Bush; she had such a sweet disposition and oh, so much patience. Aunt Susie, let us tell you we have drawn an opinion of you. We think you are disposed like Miss Janie. Cousins, come forward and help Aunt Susie in her noble work. If we ever come to Atlanta we intend to visit the Grady hospital.

We wish you a long and happy life. Inclosed you will find 10 cents. Goodbye, Aunt Susie.

Note—Many thanks; every nickle is a help.

Lillian Brock, Brockton, Ga.—Dear Junior: This is my second attempt to write to the dear old Constitution. My other letter reached the waste basket, I reckon. I thought I would try again. I am a little girl eleven years old. Our school will begin July 1st. We have two pet rabbits, one black and white and the other one gray and white. I always like to read The Junior correspondents, also the little stories that the children write. I have three brothers and two sisters. Inclose find 5 cents. Hoping to see my letter in print. Best wishes to Aunt Susie and the children.

Annie Peavy, Peavy, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am the same shut in that appeared in your columns some time ago, though my last letter to The Junior failed to appear; also 5 cents was inclosed for the children's ward of the Grady hospital, but I suppose it was overlooked or by some means misplaced. So, dear cousins, if our letters fail to be printed, we should not give up in despair, but keep trying until you do succeed. It would never do for us to give up and sit down because we do not succeed

at first. We miss many an opportunity to do good by waiting for chances to do some great thing.

Even when illness attacks us and we are deprived of what the world calls pleasure, we should not give up in despair, for real pleasure can come from God alone. Privation sometimes proves the greatest of blessings, though we are prone to despondency when trials, troubles and afflictions attack us, but when these dreadful feelings come upon me I usually find something to console myself with. This is a grand thought. Earthly loss is heavenly gain. Four long years have I been lying on my bed suffering and sometimes it seems almost unbearable, but God alone has helped me through these long years. Christ Himself suffered for an example, so He wants us to have a share in the duty, because the duty is in His sight a privilege. So when God strikes us, no matter how hard the blow, we must submit to it with a patient spirit. More than wealth, more than worldly hospitality, is the joy that comes with a deep, abiding love for Christ. God knows what is best for His children. To the one first sending me the nicest lot of seashells I will at once send them enough beautiful crocheted wheels made of variegated thread for a scarf. Also have six Octagon soap wrappers to exchange for best offer.

Letter inclosing 5 cents not received.

Lillian May Bacot, Dry Pond, Miss.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl eight years old. I have three brothers and one sister. We all have a hen with little chickens for our own. I read all the letters in The Junior correspondence and all the stories in The Constitution. We have a Newfoundland dog that goes to school with us every morning. I will not write on a subject this time, as it is my first letter, but I feel assured that the girls are as smart as the boys. I send 5 cents to the Grady hospital fund.

Annie Mizell, Satilla Bluff, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am a constant reader of The Junior department and think it improving very fast. We are going to school and have to go about three miles. We have twenty pupils. My school will be up next Friday night and we will have an entertainment that night. Will close hoping to see this in print. I inclose 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

Albert Boyles, Martindale, Ga.—I will join the Grady hospital club and pay 10 cents a year to help support it.

I hope all the cousins of The Junior corner will join this club.

Note.—This is our first number.

Ernest L. McCravy, Blairsville, Ga.—I am a little boy and can't read or write, but another read to me today about The Constitution children's room in the Grady hospital, and I want to help pay for it and join the hospital club.

It is my own money that I have saved up and I send you 25 cents—15 cents to help pay what you owe on the room and 10 cents to join the hospital club, so that I can help the little sick children all the time. Pa says if I can't write by that time he will write for me again when I have to send my next 10 cents.

Many thanks from Aunt Susie.

Carrie Gill, Bean's Station, Tenn.—Dear Junior: I will take for my subject "Sunday School." I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday. We have a very pretty church. It is about a half mile from our house and a nice walk on the railroad. There is about sixty enrolled. We always have a nice entertainment Christmas and I enjoy it so much. I was surprised to receive a letter from one of my father's old acquaintances in Oakland, I. T. Said he had just been reading The Constitution and saw my letter in it. He said he wrote me so I could tell the cousins how far my letter of April 5th had gone. I certainly did appreciate it.

James Gill, Bean's Station, Tenn.—Dear Junior: Would you kindly admit a little boy eight years old in your happy band of boys and girls? My school closed the 21st of May. I learned to read, spell and write in three months. I went through my First reader twice. As this is my first I will close with lots of love to Aunt Susie. I send 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Lois White, Lavonia, Ga.—Dear Junior: I will try to write a description of our commencement exercises. It began May 30th and ended June 1st. On Sunday we had a sermon preached by Rev. Crawford Jackson, and on Monday Hon. J. B. Shannon lectured. Monday night we had an entertainment. Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock we were examined, and had recitations by the little ones. Tuesday night we had another entertainment. I passed a perfect examination. I have a few nice flowers, but it is so hot and dry they are not doing very well. I have two brothers and one sister. We have a little wagon and a goat named Dan. We can drive him to the wagon. I am ten years old and I am learning to milk. I can wash and make up beds and sweep the floor. I help mamma a great deal.

Lloyd Stacey, Burnt Corn, Ala.—Please welcome another little boy in your happy circle. I live in southern Alabama. I do not go to school, but study four hours every day at home. I am up with the first song of the birds every morning and go to the pasture after the cow. Mamma has promised to cook me a birthday dinner on the 16th inst. I am not going to study any that day. I can hoe and chop cotton. Brother Johnnie and I have a cotton patch and it is very nice.

Johnnie H. R. Stacey, Burnt Corn, Ala.—I have been reading The Junior department today and thought I would write a letter too. I have a nice little colt named Dixie nine months old. I am going to ride him very soon. I have a little ox, too, that brother and I work to our wagon. We certainly enjoy driving him. I wonder if Roy Stott made his wagon. I made ours. We do not use harrows here, but oh, the plowsticks. I have already learned to guide one. I do not think there is a boy in the United States that enjoys cutting sprouts. I do not go to school, but mamma teaches me at home. I commenced studying when I was five years old. Papa says he thinks Mr. Bryan will be the next president.

ONE WAY TO WIN A BICYCLE.

It is an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good, Even if the Wind Is a Thief.

"No, sir," said Sadie's father, "I don't like it—don't approve of it! Maybe I'm behind the times, but to see a girl racing and tearing round the country on one of those pesky things—don't like it."

"But, father," said Sadie, "bicycles aren't pesky things. Everybody rides. In the city—"

"If you hadn't been visiting to the city," said her father, "you wouldn't have these foolish notions in your head." Sadie's father went then to buy goods for his country store. He said Mottville Center was good enough for him.

"But this isn't foolish," Sadie pleaded. "You don't need to race and tear. Doesn't Vinny Parker look nice on her wheel? And it's so healthy, and—"

"Don't want to hear any more about it!" said her father. The fact was that he was afraid neither his arguments nor his reso-



ALBERT BRITENBUCHER.
Probably the Brightest Student Who Left Walker Street School. He Enters the High School Next Session.

lution would hold out long if his only daughter should keep on reasoning and teasing. "I'll get you a pony, if you want one—"

"I don't," said Sadie, with tears in her eyes.

"Well, I guess you'll have to get along awhile longer with your feet," said her father. "You've got along with 'em pretty well for fourteen years." And at that point a customer came into the store.

Sadie turned quickly, for her tears were ready to fall, and went out at the back door. Dave Buckley was there; he had driven to the station for some groceries, and he was unloading them. Old Jonas Griggs was there, too. Old Jonas was in his eighties, and feeble-witted. He lived with a son, not far away, but he spent most of his time in the store. He liked to sit and watch with his blurred eyes the people coming and going, and he had a waver smile for everybody. Sadie's father let him, because he had known him in the days before his mind had given way. And he was harmless.

"Hello!" said Dave Buckley. He was a red-cheeked, dark-eyed boy; he was so good looking, indeed, and so well mannered, and so manly, that it seemed to Sadie that he ought also, had matters been rightly ordered, to have been well off and the son of proud parents. He was not, though. He was an orphan, who had come from another village to "clerk" for Sadie's father for his board and \$2 a week.

"Hello! What's the matter?" said Dave. "I can't have a bicycle," said Sadie.

"Why not?"

"Father doesn't know why not, himself. He hasn't any good reasons."

"Of course he hasn't," said Dave; "there aren't any. You ought to have a bicycle."

He added soberly, "I'd buy you one this minute if I had the money, Sadie."

"Thank you, Dave," said Sadie. If anything was the matter, Dave was always comforting.

She went home, by way of the back gate—Mr. Sheldon's house was next door to his store—and sat down on the porch. Her black kitten came and jumped into her lap.

"I wish I were you, Dick!" said Sadie. "You aren't dying for a bicycle, and you haven't got a father that won't let you have one."

Her father came over from the store presently, and Sadie heard through the open window the rattling of his newspaper in the sitting room. Then her mother came in from her strawberry canning, and her father spoke.

"Sarah," he said, "there's some more things missing. Another pair of shoes, and half a dozen silver thimbles. It's no joke, Sarah. It's getting serious."

"It is strange!" said her mother.

"I thought so at first," her father answered. "But I'm beginning to think it isn't so strange."

"But, George," said Sadie's mother. "I can't believe that! I know what you mean—but—"

"But what?" said her father. "No outsider could touch a thing, Sarah. Either I am in that store, or Dave is, every minute of the day. What's the reasonable conclusion?"

"I don't know," said Sadie's mother, with a little quiver. "I know one thing: I never could believe such a thing of Dave Buckley."

Sadie sat with parted lips and a pounding heart. She knew well that they did not know she was within hearing, but she was too much benumbed to stir.

"He's a well-appearing boy," her father answered, "but that doesn't prove any-

thing, Sarah. I didn't know much about him when I took him. He looked honest and I trusted him."

"What would he want with those things? What would he do with shoes and babies' caps and silver thimbles?"

"Oh, he could dispose of them. He goes over to his uncle's in Bolton every other Saturday. You can't tell for sure what he takes with him. I'm as dumfounded as you are, Sarah. I've liked that boy."

"I don't see but one way to settle it. If I let him go, and get some other boy in his place, and don't miss anything more then I'll know where things went to, won't I?"

Sadie waited to hear no more. She made a blind rush off the porch, and went and threw herself down in the shade of a leafy lilac. Hot tears stood in her eyes. "Dave!" she said. "Dave Buckley. The ideal! The very idea!"

Not for an instant did she share in any remote degree her father's suspicion.

"Dave! How could he think for a single minute that Dave would steal anything? It he'd said the minister or Deacon Woodruff there'd have been some sense in it," Sadie murmured, with hot-hearted sarcasm. "But Dave!"

"Father's getting to be perfectly dreadful. He is! About bicycles and everything else, I've got mad and cried twice today already, and it's his fault. And then the dinner bell tinkled, and she dried her eyes, she went in, with a cold bearing at extreme variance with her throbbing feelings.

After dinner her father drove over to the "corners." He was a farmer as well as a storekeeper, and he went to see about selling some calves. All things considered, Sadie was not so very sorry to see him go. She took some lace she was crocheting and went over to the store, and sat in the doorway with Dave and talked. She could not say anything to Dave about the dreadful thing her father had said of him, but she could show him her stanch, warm friendship, and she would.

Old Jonas Griggs was there, of course, in his accustomed corner. Old Jonas had come to seem as much a part of the store as the stove or the counters.

Vinny Parker came spinning up on her bicycle. She sprang off.

"You know I told you I'd lend you my wheel to learn on, Sadie," she said, "and I'm going to let you take it this afternoon. We've got company, and it's a good time for you to have it. I guess you won't bang it up, if you're careful. Get Dave to help you. I've put the saddle low; and don't take hold of the handle bar too tight, and keep on pedaling, even if you don't want to, and if you go to fall turn the wheel the same way you're going!"

Vinny said it all in a breath, and waved them a smiling goodbye, and was off as suddenly as she had come.

Sadie sprang for the wheel. "O!" she cried. She laughed joyfully. She turned the wheel this way and that, and patted it. She brimmed over with eagerness.

"Come on, Dave," she begged. "You'll help me, won't you? I'm going to get on."

"All right," said Dave, as eager as she. "There—steady!"

"Don't let go!" Sadie cried.

"I won't. Make her go. Keep at it!" said Dave.

He trotted at her side, with a firm grasp on the saddle. Sadie pedaled industriously—furiously. She sat rigid and stared fixedly.

"Don't look like that; you scare me," said Dave; and Sadie laughed and lost both pedals. "Help me off," she gasped.

"No, sir," said Dave. He turned the wheel back. "Don't clutch the handle-bar like that; you'll smash it. No, I shan't let you off!"

Back and forth they went. Sadie laughed and squealed by turns, and shrieked to Dave not to let go of the saddle, and not to let her fall off, and not to let the wheel get smashed if she did fall off. The echoes of their mirth were wafted far.

Sadie's mother came to the door, and stood watching them and smiling. A man driving past stopped his team and sat grinning; a stray dog chased them up and down and barked wildly.

There was no knowing when Dave would have called a halt had not a little girl



GEORGE BOWDEN.
One of the Best Ball Players in East Point, Ga., and Member of Sluggers.

come for a pound of tea. They were covered with dust, warm, breathless and weak with much laughter. Sadie sank down on the steps and fanned herself with her pocket handkerchief.

Dave put up the little girl's tea, and came back. "Did you see old Jonas Griggs go out?" he asked.

"He hasn't gone out," Sadie answered.

"He's disappeared," said Dave. "He isn't here."

Sadie went in. Old Jonas's corner was empty. They looked out over the back yard. Sadie, half-laughing, looked behind both counters. It was strange enough.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," said Dave. "Let's look down cellar."

The cellar was dusky and cool and redolent of the molasses and kerosene and cod-

fish which stocked it. Save the barrels and boxes, they saw nothing at first—but they heard the sound of a shuffling footstep, and at the far end of the cellar, faintly outlined in the dimness, they saw old Jonas Griggs's bent and wizened figure.

Dave would have gone to him—but Sadie caught his arm.

For a sudden thought—a strange, faint hope—had somehow come to her. She pulled Dave back into the shadows. "Hush," she whispered. "Wait!"

Old Jonas was fumbling in a large box. Turning, he came slowly back to the stairs, and climbed them, peering painfully with his dimmed eyes, and muttering.

They heard his shuffling step crossing the upper floor; then he reappeared. Both hands were full; there were some tin basins in one, two straw hats in the other. The stairs creaked again under his cautious tread, and he stole back to the box, laid the things in it, and came back as before, with a feeble smile of satisfaction on his poor, witless old face.

They heard the scraping of his chair on the floor above, and old Jonas had settled down in his corner.

"O, Dave," said Sadie. "O, Dave!" And

she said it in such a way that Dave turned and looked at her with surprise.

But he never knew that in her quavering voice there was anything more than pity for old Jonas Griggs.

"Yes, poor old codger!" said Dave.

When Sadie's father got back, an hour later, Sadie and Dave were sitting on the store steps. Old Jonas Griggs had gone home, at last.

A bicycle leaned at the side of the porch, but Mr. Sheldon did not observe it. He had no chance to observe anything. Sadie caught him by the hand. Her eyes shone; she fairly danced up and down.

"Come quick!" she said. "I want to show you—O, hurry!"

She pulled him through the store and down the cellar stairs. She led him, much bewildered, through the cellar to its farther end, and she lifted the cover of a box.

"There!" she said. "Look."

Sadie's father looked. He lifted out slowly, one by one, three pairs of shoes and a box of silver thimbles and two straw hats and some tin basins and four babies' caps.

"Father," said Sadie, "it was old Jonas Griggs. Dave and I missed him, and we came down here, hunting for him, and he was crawling up and down stairs and putting things into that box. He must have been taking things for a good while. He's here almost all the time, you know, and Dave said neither of you ever thought of watching him, and he'd had plenty of chances."

"You—don't—tell me!" said her father, slowly.

He gave a long whistle; he thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "Well, well! He hasn't done any harm. We'll empty the box and just let him fill it up again, if he wants to. Poor old Jonas!"

But Sadie knew why his voice was unsteady, and why he took out his handkerchief and flourished it across his eyes. Not for old Jonas.

He was thinking about Dave.

"And you know, father," said Sadie, boldly, "we never should have known anything about it, if it hadn't been for the bicycle."

"The bicycle?" said her father, blankly.

"Yes, Vinny Parker's. She brought it up for me to learn on, and I was learning, out in front, and Dave was helping me; and old Jonas thought it was a good chance, and that's how he came to be doing it then, and that's how we caught him at it," said Sadie, with conclusive triumph.

"You don't tell me!" said her father, again. And that was all he said. He went upstairs.

"Dave!" he called out. He clapped Dave on the shoulder. "You're a good boy, David," he said. "You're splendid help; you're the best boy I've ever had in the store. I'm going to raise your wages, Dave."

There was genuine heartfelt gladness in his voice. He smiled warmly on Dave and on Sadie; he looked softened. He stepped to the door.

"What was that you said about a bicycle?" he queried, looking around.

It was Sadie's golden opportunity. "Oh, father," she said, "I can ride some already; I can, if I do go awfully zig-zag. And it's such fun; it's elegant! Can't I have a bicycle of my own, father?"

"Well, find out how much they cost," said her father. "I'll see."

Sadie knew what that meant. Her last doubt vanished; she and Dave exchanged rapturous winks. EMMA A. OPFER.

A HAMMOCK SCHOOL.

How To Learn To Swim Without Going Near the Water.

Madge was determined to know how to swim; to be sure, there was no water within many miles of her home, but a fortnight was shortly to be spent by her close to that most lovely swimming ground, the Long Island sound. She had firmly made up her mind that in all the bravery of her new bathing suit she would calmly walk in waist deep, and then strike off, swimming like a frog, before the eyes of the astonished family, all this to take place the very first day they all went bathing together. Such a picture, in the mind's eye, formed the most delightful surprise that any girl of twelve could possibly imagine, but how was it to be managed with no place of practice? This is the very question I am setting out to answer, for, as Madge accomplished her design and became an expert swimmer, and yet obeyed the command, "don't go near the water," there is no reason why other boys and girls should not prepare themselves for summer fun, and also lose forever all fear of drowning, by practicing the same means used by her. This wonderful swimming school was held on the back veranda, the apparatus that held her in position to practice to a nicety the most practical leg and arm movement imaginable was nothing more or less than an ordinary hammock, the only teacher was a silent one, consisting of a few simple directions she had read given by Dr. Walker, written out and hung where she could consult them. When I first saw this figure, with its legs and arms moving so strangely, it seemed as if the back veranda had suddenly become the playground of crazy girl, instead of the Madge, who, from a toddler of two, had made this the jolliest sort of a spot as soon as mild weather began. My confidence in this rather tomboy child was very great, so I uttered not a sound, but watched and listened. There she was, in her gymnasium suit, face downward, and just now was practicing the leg stroke. The legs were tucked under the abdomen and (first stroke) then both quickly swung out wide apart (second stroke), just as one has seen a frog do, who, by the way, is the best swimming master in the world. The last stroke was to draw the legs together, while still out straight, with all the strength the practicing swimmer possessed. One, two, three, she counted, and the legs were submitting so well to the training that I longed to try it myself. Why had I never thought to have my boys learn swimming this way? What a blessing such practical work would have been on a rainy day.

As I watched the gyrating legs with a kind of fascination they suddenly became still, and now the arms were in play with a motion reminding one of the movement of oars. Madge by this time knew I was there, and beckoned me nearer. "Now watch my hands and arms, aunty," and with the palms downward she held them to her chest, the elbows close to her sides. "First movement," she called out, then out shot the arms forward, side by side; now "second movement" was called, then with the hands turned thumb downward she swept them as far as possible away out into the sea of air, and "third movement" was accomplished.

Over and over again the girl practiced these movements, and day after day it was kept up until arms and legs became flexible and were ready to take as naturally as ducks to water. The exercise was soon followed out with as little thought as one gives when walking "leg over leg as the dog went to Dover." After all, this is the true secret of learning to swim, to use the arms and legs in the water with as little thought as one gives to their motion on land, and if this has been attained while beating against the air only think of the pleasure of using these same motions in the cool, clear water!

Once the leg stroke is conquered in learning to swim, more than half the battle is fought, the arms afterward fall in naturally to their share in the water propelling. Dr. Walker says this may be attained to perfection by those who can't manage to practice in a hammock, by lying across the wooden footboard of a bedstead, using a pillow under the body and clutching the mattress with the hands to preserve the proper balance. Beware lest any one come across a scholar in such a swimming school, for he will surely be clapped into a strait jacket and carried off to Bedlam. Practicing in due seclusion, however, there is no reason why young and old should not come to their holiday making this year, armed, yes, and legged, for speeding through the water as speedily as on a bicycle going down hill. EMILY FORD.

ST. LUKE'S BOYS ON A VACATION

They Leave Soon for the Summer Camp on Pearl Lake.

Within a few weeks the choristers of St. Luke's church will go on their annual camping trip to Pearl lake, about twenty miles from this city.

For the last several years it has been the custom of the leader of the boys' choir to take them on this outing, and preparations have been made this year to have a greater time than ever.

They take their tents and pitch them in regular camp style on the edge of the lake. Axes, saws and hammers are carried to make the tables, chairs and other implements of camp life.

The boys have a great time on these trips. They have permission to fish in the lake, and their daily catch is sufficient meat for the occasion. The fish stories the boys tell when they return home are equal to those of oldtimers, and yet they are members of a church choir.

There is enthusiasm at present among those who will go on the trip. They are buying up their canned goods and selecting their blankets. The party will leave within the next two weeks.

A ten-year-old boy was fishing in Prescott's mill pond at Bennington, Va., one day recently, when a five-pound eel swallowed his bait and pulled the lad into the water, from which he was assisted, with his unexpected prey, by a companion.

Religion: In the Pulpit

And Around the Fireside.

Rev. W. S. Vall, pastor of the Church of Our Father, will deliver another interesting lecture this evening at 7:45 o'clock. The subject of his lecture will be: "The Tower of Babel." Parallel Myths, as of Babylonian, differing Myths: The Titans; The Hindu's "Himalayas" which is said to be the lowest form of life. Some of the remains in language, of the tone language of primitive man—his chants, his notes of victory and love. The testimony of the Bible to the rise of man. Language as the ladder by which man climbs to the knowledge of the best. The Divinity of Words.

Morning sermon at 11 o'clock: "The New Knowledge and the Old Faith." The changes that every thinking man must face, and ask if religion can accept them.

The Christian Spiritualists will hold their regular Sunday services at Knights of Pythias hall, Kiser building, corner Pryor and Hunter streets, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Lecture by Mrs. Mary Q. Sauer. Subject: "Are They Not All Ministering Spirits?" Lectures followed by tests and impromptu poem. Seats free. All are welcome. Take elevator.

Rev. Walker Lewis, D.D., pastor of the First Methodist church, will preach Sunday morning at 11 o'clock on the subject of "Christian Science and Faith Cure." Other services as usual.

Subject of sermon at the Central Congregational church, "The Soul's Thrill for God."

The meeting for men at the Young Men's Christian Association hall this afternoon will be addressed by the famous young poet and author, Professor A. M. McConnell, of Alabama. Although but twenty-four years of age, he has won national fame both as a poet and orator. He will deliver his celebrated address on "The Philosophy of Love," which is said to be one of the most brilliant productions of the day. Special music has been arranged for the occasion, one of the features of which will be selections by Mr. J. H. Stiff. All are invited to attend. There will be no charge for admission.

The Society of Spiritual Science holds its regular Sunday meetings in the Knights of Pythias hall, corner Alabama and Forsyth streets. The Sunbeam Lyceum, at 11 o'clock a. m., to which all are invited. At 7:30 p. m. Professor Silas W. Edmunds, missionary for the N. S. A. of New Orleans, will lecture. Subject: "The Spiritualism of the Future." Followed by tests of spirit presence. Come and hear Professor Edmunds' farewell lecture before this society.

Wallace Presbyterian church, corner of Fair and Walnut streets. Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m. by Mr. Hammond, and at 8 p. m. by R. S. Stephenson.

Rev. M. MacGregor will preach at Capitol avenue Baptist church at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. today.

The semi-annual reunion of the Universalist church and allied organizations will occur this morning (Sunday) at 11 o'clock. There will be short addresses from speakers, representing the Sunday school, the mission circle, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Young People's Union, the board of directors and the church. At night the pastor will speak on "The Use and Abuse of the Bible." This will be the last service before Dr. McLaughlin's departure for New York. He starts Wednesday, and will attend the commencement of St. Lawrence university, from which he received his degree in 1896. From New York he will go to Detroit, Mich., to a national Universalist convention, and will not return to Atlanta before the middle of July.

Dr. W. W. Landrum, pastor of the First Baptist church, has returned, and will occupy the pulpit today.

Rev. Malcolm MacGregor will address the young men's meeting at the Second Baptist church Monday evening. His subject will be: "Christ, the Savior."

Dr. J. W. Heldt will preach at Trinity church at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Methodist.

First Methodist, corner Peachtree and Houston streets, Walker Lewis, D. D., pastor.

Trinity church, corner Whitehall and Trinity avenue, Rev. J. W. Roberts, D.D., pastor.

The Boulevard Grace church, corner Boulevard and Houston street, Rev. A. C. Thomas, pastor.

Merritts avenue church, P. A. Heard, pastor.

St. John's Methodist church, corner Pryor street and Georgia avenue, Rev. T. L. Davis, Jr., pastor.

Edgewood Methodist church, Rev. H. J. Ellis, pastor.

West End Methodist church, West End.

Wesley chapel, North Atlanta, Rev. J. M. Wolfe, pastor.

Park street church, West End, Rev. John B. Robins, D.D., pastor.

Walker street Methodist church, junction Walker and Nelson streets, Rev. J. T. Gibson, D.D., pastor.

Decatur street mission, 223 Decatur street. Regular services every night in the week. Breakfast served every Sunday morning from 8:30 to 9:30. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., C. H. Burge, superintendent.

Central Union mission, 454 South Broad street. Noonday prayer service every day from 12 to 1 o'clock. Gospel service every night from 8 to 9 o'clock. Temperance school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Appointments of East Atlanta circuit for 1897. Preaching in East Atlanta on the first and second Sundays, monthly, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Preaching in South End on the third Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at Mount Olive on the third Sunday at 2 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at Marvin on the fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

Payne's Memorial, Rev. W. W. Brinsfield, pastor.

Marlietta street Methodist Episcopal church, A. F. Ellington, pastor.

St. Paul Methodist Episcopal church, south, East Hunter street, Rev. S. H. Dimon, pastor.

Baptist.

First Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Walton streets, W. W. Landrum, pastor.

Second Baptist church, corner Washington and Mitchell streets, Rev. Henry McDonald, pastor.

Third Baptist church, Rev. J. G. Winchester, pastor.

Capitol avenue Baptist church, Dr. T. A. Spalding, pastor.

West End Baptist church, Lee street, Rev. S. Y. Jameson, pastor.

Fifth Baptist church, corner Bell and Gilmer streets, Rev. A. W. Sealer, pastor.

Jackson Hill Baptist church, corner Jackson street and East avenue, Rev. A. A. Marshall, pastor.

Sixth Baptist church, Rev. A. C. Ward, pastor.

Kirkwood Baptist church, Rev. J. L. D. Hillier, pastor.

Glenn street Baptist church, corner Glenn and Smith streets, Rev. V. C. Norcross, pastor.

Central Baptist church, corner Walker

and Stonewall streets, Rev. R. S. Motley, pastor.

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian church, Marietta street, opposite Cone, Rev. E. H. Barnett, D.D., pastor.

Central Presbyterian church, Washington street, Rev. Theron H. Rice, pastor.

West End Presbyterian church, corner Gordon and Asby streets, Rev. G. W. Bull, pastor.

Fourth Presbyterian church, corner of Jackson and Chamberlin streets, Rev. A. R. Graves, pastor.

Inman Park Presbyterian church.

Wallace (Fifth) Presbyterian church, West Fair street, opposite Walnut street, Rev. R. A. Bowman, pastor.

Associated Reform Presbyterian, corner Lloyd and Garnett streets, Rev. H. B. Blakely, pastor.

Moore Memorial church, Luckie street, Rev. A. R. Herby, pastor.

Barnett church, corner Hampton and Marietta streets, Rev. J. B. Hillhouse, pastor.

Kirkwood Presbyterian church, Rev. R. O. Flynn, pastor.

Episcopal.

The cathedral, corner Washington and Hunter streets, the Rev. A. W. Knight, dean.

St. Luke's church, corner Pryor and Houston streets, the Rev. J. N. McCormick, rector.

Church of the Incarnation, Lee street, near Gordon, West End, Rev. Wyllys Rede, rector.

Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Plum street, near Lee, Rev. C. D. Frankel, priest in charge.

Chapel of the Holy Redeemer, Walker and Fair streets, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest in charge.

Christ church, Hapeville, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest in charge.

Chapel of the Holy Trinity, Decatur, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest in charge.

Mission of the Holy Innocents, North Atlanta, Rev. C. D. Frankel, pastor.

Mission of the Holy Comforter, Washington Heights, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest in charge.

St. Paul's church, East Point, Rev. Allard Barnwell, priest in charge.

Adventist.

Seventh Day Adventist church, 507 Fair street.

Congregational.

The Central Congregational church, West Ellis street, near Peachtree, Rev. R. V. Atkinson, pastor.

Pleasant Hill Congregational church will hold its regular services on Sunday in the hall at the corner of Marietta street and Pondera avenue. Rev. J. A. Jensen, pastor.

Catholic.

Church of the Immaculate Conception, corner Lloyd and Hunter streets, Rev. B. Bazin, pastor; Rev. G. Z. Shadwell, assistant.

Sister Peter and Paul, Marietta street, southwest corner Alexander street, Rev. J. F. Colbert, pastor.

West End Christian church, A. E. Seldon, pastor.

First Christian church, opposite courthouse on East Hunter street, Dr. C. P. Williamson, pastor.

First English Lutheran.

Services at the Young Men's Christian Association hall, L. K. Probst, pastor.

Unitarian.

Church of Our Father, Church street, near Forsyth and Peachtree, W. R. Vall, pastor.

Salvation Army.

Salvation Army, 125 Marietta street.

Universalist.

First Universalist church, Atlanta, Ga., Good Templars hall, 725 North Broad street, William Henry McGlaughlin, D.D., pastor.

Lutheran.

St. John's German Lutheran church, Rev. F. H. Meuschke, pastor.

Christian Science.

Sunday services of the First Church of Christ at the Grand.

Undenominational.

Marietta Street mission, 191 Marietta street, John P. Barclay, superintendent.

Berean church. Services Sunday at 9:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. and Monday at 8 p. m.

Spiritualist.

The Society of Spiritual Science at the Knights of Pythias hall, corner of Alabama and Forsyth streets.

Colored.

St. Paul's African Methodist Episcopal church, Auburn avenue and Butler street, Rev. Dr. G. W. Alexander, pastor.

Gate City Street Methodist Episcopal church.

St. Paul's church, 241 Auburn avenue, near Fort street, Rev. A. W. Green, priest in charge.

Friendship Baptist church, corner Mitchell and Haynes streets, Rev. A. J. Cobb, A. B., pastor.

St. Paul African Methodist Episcopal church, near corner Humphries and Wells streets, Rev. William Flagg, Jr., pastor.

The First Congregational church, corner Courtland avenue and Houston street.

What the Negro is Doing

Matters of Interest Among the Colored People.

The sixteenth annual session of the Georgia State Teachers' Association will be held in the Atlanta African Methodist Episcopal church, Macon, Ga., June 28th to July 3d. This promises to be one of the best meetings in the history of the association and from present indications it will be the largest gathering of colored educators that have come together in the state for several years.

The officers of the association are among the most able educators of the country, and are putting forth an extra effort to make the Georgia association lead all similar organizations. The officers are: William E. Homes, A. M., of Atlanta, president; first vice president, L. S. Clark, A. M., of Atlanta; second vice president, Miss J. G. Thomas, of Columbus; third vice president, W. H. Spencer, of Columbus; secretary, J. A. Cowie, of Macon; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. P. Wilson, of Atlanta; treasurer, W. B. Matthews, A. B., of Atlanta.

The association will convene at 8 p. m. June 28th, with the following programme: From 8 to 9 p. m., welcome address by Rev. E. W. Lee, D.D.; welcome address on the part of the teachers, Miss Lillie Nickson; from 9 to 10 p. m., address by the president, Mr. A. H. Hendricks; welcome on the part of the board of education, Mr. D. C. Abbott, superintendent; annual address, W. E. Holmes, A. M., president; the appointment of committees and adjournment.

Programme for Wednesday will be as follows, beginning at 9 a. m.:

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Miss Hannah A. Howell, principal, Middleville, Ga.

"The New Education—Its Aim in the Pri-

mary School"—Miss Wilhelmina Johnson, Bailey, Ga.

"Why Use the New Method of Teaching?"—A. B. Whitby, Bailey, Ga.

"Early Impressions of Childhood—What They Should Be"—Miss Virginia E. Dosier, Atlanta.

Solo—Miss Emma S. Robinson, Macon.

"What a Child Should Know When He Leaves the Primary School"—John A. Mason, Atlanta.

"The Personality of a Teacher as a Governing Power"—Miss Della M. Richardson, Washington, Ga.

Solo—Miss Sarah A. Fisher, LaGrange, Ga.

"The Best Modes of Discipline"—Willie T. Roberts, Atlanta, Ga.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Professor Henry A. Walker, A. M., principal, Augusta.

Department introductory—Professor H. L. Walker, A. M.

Paper—"Paul Lawrence Dunbar"—Miss Julia M. Brown, Atlanta.

Solo—Miss Lincoln C. Haynes, Macon.

Paper—"The Relation of Teachers to Patrons"—Dr. C. T. Walker, Augusta.

Wednesday, June 20th, 8 p. m.; musical department, Miss Lincoln C. Haynes, principal.

Instrumental solo—Miss Hattie McLean, Macon.

Vocal solo, Z. H. Bryant, Macon.

Paper—"Music as a Fine Art"—Professor O. A. Combs, Atlanta.

Solo—Miss Julia Johnson, Macon.

Solo—Miss Lincoln C. Haynes, Macon.

"Plantation Melodies"—Professor C. J. Calloway, Tuskegee, Ala., quartet of the Central City.

Thursday, July 1st, 9 a. m., department of grammar—Mrs. H. T. Hudson, of Macon, principal.

"Language and Little Ones"—Miss L. Epps, Pleasant Hill, Macon.

Intermediate grammar—Professor L. H. Williams, Pleasant Hill, Ga.

"Practical Language"—Miss Julia Thomas, Macon.

Thursday, 10 a. m.—Industrial department. Miss Lucy Laney, principal. The following educators will speak on this subject: Professor J. W. Gilbert, A. M., Augusta; Professor C. H. Turner, B. S., Atlanta, and Rev. Lawrence Miller, Macon.

GOVERNOR'S HOUR, 12 M.

Address—Governor W. T. Atkinson; Hon. G. R. Glenn.

Thursday, July 1st, 8 p. m.—Musical.

PRINCIPALS' DEPARTMENT.

Professor L. S. Clarke, A. M., principal, Athens, Ga.

The Principal and His Relation to His Assistants.—Miss Ida B. Carwell, Atlanta.

"The Teacher's Need of General Culture"—Professor D. C. Turner, B. S., Atlanta.

Solo—Miss Olivia L. Brauer, Macon, Ga.

"Our Girls—What Should We Do for Them?"—Professor L. S. Clarke, A. M., Athens, Ga.

Solo—Miss Senetta V. Hayes, Macon, Ga.

"Training of the Mind"—Professor Edgar H. Webster, Atlanta, Ga.

"A Criticism Upon the Latest United States Report of the Education of the Negro"—Professor J. W. Gilbert, A. M., Augusta, Ga.

Solo—Miss E. M. Taylor, Columbus, Ga.

"Higher Education"—Professor J. A. Bray, A. B., Athens, Ga.

Friday, July 2d, 8 a. m.—Music, prayer, music.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

Professor Griffin D. Kink, principal, Macon, Ga.

"The Teacher and His Work"—Miss Emily Gladman, Macon, Ga.

"Some Methods of Educating the Altruistic Emotions"—Mrs. F. G. Snelson, Athens, Ga.

"The Winning Teacher"—Rev. S. A. Peeler, Macon, Ga.

Solo—Miss Julia Johnson, Macon, Ga.

"Hygiene of the School Room"—Dr. H. R. Butler, Atlanta, Ga.

"Fitness and Place"—Dr. E. E. Green, Macon, Ga.

Address—Professor W. H. Croghan, A. M., Atlanta, Ga.

Musical—Professor L. H. Williams, Macon, Ga.

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 11 A. M.

"Higher Education"—Professor W. R. Matthews, B.A., principal, Atlanta, Ga.

"The Effects of Higher Education Upon the Community"—Professor A. B. Cooper, A.B., Cartersville, Ga.

"Co-education"—Professor A. St. George Richardson, A. M., Atlanta, Ga.

"A Knowledge of Self Essential to Full Development"—Miss Mary C. Jackson, Augusta, Ga.

"The Claims of Culture." Professor M. W. Reddick, A. B., Shelmans, Ga.

"English—Its Place in Higher Education." Professor D. J. Jordan, L.L.B., Atlanta, Ga.

Election of Officers.

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 7 P. M.

Musical.

Prayer.

Musical.

Addresses.

Address—President R. R. Wright, A.M., College of the South, Macon, Ga.

Address—Rev. David S. Klugh, Augusta, Ga.

Address—Rev. William J. White, D.D., Augusta, Ga.

The Aims, Means and Methods of a Live Teacher.—Professor William H. Spencer, Columbus, Ga.

Address—Rev. William Flagg, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.

Installation of officers.

Formal adjournment.

Banquet.

The Empire State Medical Association will hold its fourth annual session in the Holsey C. M. E. temple, Washington avenue, Macon, Ga., July 1st. The physicians have an opportunity to visit the meetings of the teachers' association and the teachers can visit the sessions of the medical association. The following programme will be carried out:

MORNING SESSION, 9 TO 11:30 A. M. Welcome address—Rev. J. R. McLean, Macon.

Response—Dr. George N. Stoney, Augusta.

Annual address—E. E. Green, A.M., M.D., Macon.

"Campagna." Dr. G. S. Burrus, Augusta.

"Psycho-Malaria." Dr. R. R. Green, Atlanta.

"Pharmacy and Its Possibilities with Reference to the Negro." Dr. William H. Bailey, Ph. G., Macon.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 3 TO 5 P. M. "Etiology of Biting for Women." Dr. R. E. Grier, Albany.

"Vicarious Menstruation." Dr. A. O. Lockhart, Atlanta.

Paper by Dr. W. H. Harris, Atlanta.

Paper by Dr. S. P. Lloyd, Savannah.

Paper by Dr. C. S. Green, Columbus.

SECOND DAY.

MORNING SESSION, 9 TO 11:30 A. M. "The Pharmacist and Physician as Workers." Dr. Charles Kelly, Ph. G., Atlanta.

"Arenol Hyperplasia of the Uterus." Dr. J. W. Huguley, America.

"Etiology of Jurisprudence." Dr. L. A. Falkner, Macon.

Annual Orator's address—H. R. Butler, A.M., M.D., Atlanta.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 3 TO 5 P. M. Secretary's, treasurer's and committee reports.

Election of officers and appointment of committees.

Ten minutes will be allowed for discussion of each paper.

Adjournment.

Officers—E. E. Green, A.M., M.D., president; Dr. A. O. Lockhart, first vice president; Dr. S. W. M. D., second vice president; Dr. F. H. Slaton, A.M., M.D., secretary; J. E. Asbury, M.D., treasurer.

Board of censors—Dr. C. A. Blair, Dr. W. H. Harris and Dr. C. L. Cain.

Executive committee—G. S. Burrus, M.D., president.

There are more than fifty regular physicians in the state and it is earnestly hoped that each

Samples
Sent on
Request

THESE are not reduction sales in the sense that we have marked down a lot of unsaleable stuffs, but they are sales of stylish goods just in from our New York buyers. Bought at paltry figures, they are marked at less prices than are asked for old goods advertised at reduced prices.

**KEELY
CO.**

BARGAIN is an abused word. Usually it implies something defective, slow moving styles, unworthy qualities, missing colors, or **SOMETHING WRONG.** But this great outlet keeps its supply constantly fresh. The bargains of last week are ancient now—**Now** things for this week at Keely's.

THE GREAT

Distribution of Summer Stuffs

AT KEELY'S

Goes steadily on. Every day adds some fresh attraction. Last week's Carnival of Wash Goods will be continued—continued with new goods. With a practically unlimited outlet for stylish and seasonable goods, we are the medium through which makers print, importers and jobbers who, at this time of the season, prefer cash to merchandise, can readily unload their surplus.

BEST VALUES! BEST STYLES! BEST QUALITIES

WHITE AND PRINTED SUMMER FABRICS BELOW REAL WORTH!

White Goods!

From our New York partner, who had pick of twenty cases at his own price.

Checked Mainsook Satin Stripes Pique
In full pieces, in full assortment of checks. The usual price is ten cents.

5 Cents. 7½ Cents.**Cheap White Goods!**

Our New York buyers send us for this week's attractions White Goods at prices not attempted before.

Fine India Linon Soft Finish Checks
Full forty inches wide, sheer quality, perfect goods; worth 15 cents. In India Dimities, forty inches wide, in small dainty checks; worth 15c.

9 Cents. 10 Cents.**The Greatest Week on Fine Wash Goods.**

Beginning tomorrow we will show nearly one thousand pieces of new Wash Fabrics at one price. These goods are just in from our resident New York buyer, who has consummated the largest direct deal for desirable Washables ever made by any southern house. Without regard to early season prices these choice American Washables will put on sale at.....

TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS A YARD!

Great One Price Sale is a boon to buyers. It emphasizes the choicest printings of the season and the qualities of the best brands.

Mimosas Cloths. **Lappel Mulls.**
Yankee Dimities. **Organdie Americano.**
Tissue Grenadines. **Organdie Americano.**
Wash styles, in Wrapper styles, in Dress styles, all in choicest color combinations.

12½c Yard.

This Popular Price suits the folks; they are willing to pay this figure (we do not attempt a less one) if the goods are right.

Waist Style Lawns. **Swiss Prints.**
Jaconet Scroll Patterns. **Batiste Lawns.**
Dimity Cord Prints. **Etamine Effects.**
Pink, Navy, Helio, Black, all on white grounds; also the largest collection of popular Reds.

12½c Yard.**PARASOLS**

Those which you can't match. ONE THOUSAND SAMPLES. Colors, Fluted, Puffed, worth up to \$4.50, your choice.

\$1.75**BELTS**

One hundred and fifty dozen just in. **LADIES' LEATHER BELTS.** Morocco, Seal, Alligator, Ooze, Calif lined, worth up to one dollar.

49c**LACES**

At less than half the usual prices. **FINE ORIENTAL LACES.** White, Cream, Butter, assorted widths, popular patterns, worth up to one dollar.

25c**FANS.**

Foreign importers are overstocked. **FINE EASTERN FANS.** Bought at our own figures, now on center, tables, priced five cents to.....

\$1.00**Great Silk Sale!**

Goes on and we add Fresh attractions every week. Tomorrow we begin a sale of.....

CHINA SILKS. **21-INCH CHINAS.** Best French Prints, Best Eastern Cloths, Best Selected Styles.
49 Cents Yard. 33 Cents Yard.

Fine Foulards Sale Tomorrow.

These popular goods have met with great favor, and we are in position to satisfy the popular craving.....

FINE FOULARDS. **BEST HANDKERCHIEF TOWELS.** New Scroll Designs, Popular Color Effects, Non Perishable Qualities.
85 Cents Yard. 69 Cents Yard.

The Separate Skirt Department

WILL SHOW ON MONDAY MORNING
LINEN SKIRTS Deep hem, full sweep, altered to fit. **\$1.50**
DUCK SKIRTS White heavy Ducks, Extra weight Pique, latest cut. **\$1.49**
DUCK SKIRTS In green, blue, gray, tan mixed. **\$1.25**
PIQUE SKIRTS Cord, welt, stripe Piques, deep hems. **\$1.98**
CORDUROY SKIRTS Extra weight Pique, tailor stitched. **\$3.50**
BRILLIANT SKIRTS High luster black, percale lined. **\$3.49**

The usual Monday sale of Remnants. All of the Shirt Waist and Dress lengths of our most popular Wash Goods left from last week's great sales, including stylish, choice patterns; were up to 12½ cents. Your choice for **5 Cents** CENTER COUNTER BACK ROOM.

**KEELY
COMPANY**

Clearance of short lengths of the most popular Wash Goods, including Foreign Fancies; were up to 25 cents yard. The ends of the most popular effects which have had such phenomenal sales for the past two weeks. Choice for **10 Cents.** CENTER COUNTER FRONT ROOM.

Through to the "Land of the Sky"

Without
Change of Cars.

For the first time since the discovery of the "Land of the Sky" in the beautiful mountains of western North Carolina, a regular line of through Pullman cars will be in daily operation on and after June 19th, via the Southern Railway, consisting of Pullman buffet and drawing room cars through from Macon, via Atlanta, to Asheville, N. C., without change.

The schedule will be

GOING.
Lv. Macon, central time. 7:30 p. m.
Lv. McDonough, central time. 8:30 p. m.
Ar. Atlanta, central time. 9:45 p. m.
Lv. Atlanta, central time. 11:50 p. m.
Ar. Spartanburg, eastern time. 6:45 a. m.
Ar. Asheville, central time. 8:45 a. m.
RETURNING.
Lv. Asheville, central time. 8:00 p. m.
Ar. Spartanburg, eastern time. 12:30 a. m.
Ar. Atlanta, central time. 6:10 a. m.
Lv. Atlanta, central time. 8:25 a. m.
Ar. McDonough, central time. 6:15 a. m.
Ar. Macon, central time. 8:15 a. m.

Immediate connections will be made at McDonough for passengers to and from Columbus, Griffin, etc.; likewise in Atlanta to and from Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, etc.; also Anniston, Birmingham, etc., affording in this way the most comfortable service ever offered summer excursion tourists for the delightful resorts in the

"Land of the Sky."

Excursion tickets at very low rates now on sale at all coupon ticket offices in the south. Pullman reservations will be made in advance upon application to any agent or **RANDALL CLIFTON,** Traveling Passenger Agt., Macon, Ga. **W. D. ALLEN,** District Passenger Agent Atlanta, Ga. **C. E. SERGEANT,** City Ticket Agent, Atlanta, Ga. **S. H. HARDWICK,** Ass't Gen. Passenger Ag't Atlanta, Ga.



THIS STORE DON'T BELIEVE

In injuring its future. It does not advertise prices which will tempt you here and then tell you that the article you came to see has just been sold. It is not that kind of a store. Every price quoted in the ad is a fact. Come and see. Mingle with the great throng of patrons who prove by their presence that this firm is the one which treats the people right and SAVES THEM MONEY.

TOILET ARTICLES.
JACOBS' TALCUM POWDER. 10c
PALMER'S HAIR VIGORATOR. 50c
PINAUD'S TOILET SOAP, No. 240, violet, white rose, heliotrope, Peau de Espagne, Jockey Club, etc. 25c
BALSAM TOLU AND BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP, 3 cakes in a box. 5c
WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. 25c
JACOBS' SACHET POWDERS, violet, heliotrope, large packages. 10c
MADAME ROBINNAIRE'S FACE BLEACH, removes freckles, pimples, liver moles, black heads, sunburn and tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, produces a clear and healthy complexion, is superior to all face preparations, and is perfectly harmless. \$1.00
ROBINNAIRE'S WALNUT HAIR DYE is made from the formula of one of the best known barbers in the south. It is guaranteed harmless, and dyes the hair, be it red or gray, to the desired shade in a short time. One application is all that is necessary. 20c
CUTALINA MEDICATED TOILET SOAP, a purely vegetable oil soap, marvellously healing of the skin and soothing to any irritation or inflamed condition of the complexion. 10c
PINAUD'S PARISIAN BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. 25c
JACOBS' TRUE VIOLET WATER, a toilet luxury of rare sweetness and worth. Its odor is distinctive, fresh and springy, its fragrance refreshing and its permanence a puzzle to perfume. 35c
COLGATE'S VIOLET WATER, 3-ounce bottles. 35c
IMPORTED BAY RUM, half pint bottles. 25c
PIVET LATT D'YRIS. 60c
BLAIR'S ALMOND MEAL. 15c
STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.
LETTER SEALING WAX, red, green and black, stick. 5c
ENVELOPES BARONIAL, Nos. 1 and 2, to match covers, very plain. 8c
RED LION MILLS WRITING PAPER, in 1-lb. packages, satin and antique finishes, commercial and octavo sizes, ruled and plain; per pound. 20c
ROYAL LINES WRITING PAPER, antique and kid surface in three-tints, azure, sapphire, heliotrope, 1-quire boxes with envelopes. 15c
MUCILAGE, with brush. 5c
Turkish Towel Department.
TURKISH TOWELS, size 15x30 inches. 15c
TURKISH BATH GLOVES. 20c
SEA WEED WASHRAGS. 5c

BATH ROBE DEPARTMENT.
TURKISH BATH ROBES, consisting of bath robe, towels, slippers, bath gloves etc. \$4.00 to \$9.00
JAPANESE BATH ROBE. \$2.00
BATH SLIPPERS, all sizes. \$1.00
PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.
JACOBS' EXTRACT OF WITCH HAZEL—Double distilled (Hammamelis). Why pay fancy prices for widely exploited brands of this extract? We guarantee our Witch Hazel Extract to be the equal to any made—superior, indeed, to most, at less than half the price usually demanded for fancy brands. Its value as a household remedy is proved in burns, scalds, cuts, pains, headache, sore throat, and whenever a gently stimulating and anodyne lotion is required. Pint bottles. 20c
POND'S EXTRACT. 34c
DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. 60c
DR. PALMER'S BLOOD PURIFIER, a long-tried and much valued remedy for the treatment of impurities and chronic diseases of the blood. Stimulating, as it does, the action of both liver and kidneys, it is highly useful in Rheumatism, Scrofulous affections and Skin troubles, due to a depraved condition of the health. 75c
CHENEY'S EXPECTORANT. 15c
KING'S NEW DISCOVERY. 35c
WAMPOLE'S COD LIVER OIL. 60c
TUTT'S LIVER PILLS. 15c
DR. PALMER'S LITTLE BLACK PILLS. Their effect is free from griping or nausea; mild and natural without purging or weakening the bowels. On the contrary they give strength to the digestive organs, preventing sick headache and constipation. 15c
SWEET CHOCOLATE, in packages. 5c
COKE'S GELATINE. 18c
BLACK PEPPER, in 1 lb. packages. 15c
IMPORTED TABLE VINEGAR, a very superior article, full quart bottles. 44c
COPPERAS, 5 lb. packages. 15c
SPIRITS CAMPHOR, pints. 50c
CREAM TARTAR, Powers & Weightman, in original packages; per pound. 40c
BICARBONATE SODA, Powers & Weightman, in original packages; per pound. 12c
PALMER'S TOILET PAPER, 1 doz. 75c
SEIDLITZ POWDERS, 1 doz. boxes. 25c
JAPANESE TOOTH PICKS, hard polished wood; per package. 5c
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, 8-ounce bottles. 50c
TURPENTINE, per pint. 10c
PO. BORAX, per pound. 15c
TR. ARNICA, 8-ounce bottle. 25c
CASTOR OIL, per pint. 20c
SULPHATE QUININE, 1-ounce cans. 40c

RUBBER GOODS.
WADSWORTH'S ATOMIZERS for oil, vaseline and heavy liquids. 50c
COMBINATION FOUNTAIN SYRINGE and hot water bottle, 1 quart. 75c
PALMER'S FOUNTAIN SYRINGES, 1 quart. 50c
PALMER'S HOT WATER BOTTLES, 1 quart. 50c
PALMER'S HOT WATER BOTTLES, 2 quarts. 65c
SURGICAL APPLIANCES.
WE ARE OFFERING special low prices to close out our line of physicians' hand vial cases, buggy cases, obstetrical bags, saddlebags, etc., from 50c to \$5.00
LIQUOR DEPARTMENT.
A few facts about the Whisky department—This store is not a saloon, and under no circumstances will we sell Whisky on Sunday, except on physicians' prescriptions. Whiskies are the genuine full quart, guaranteed pure, and not the adulterated, short measure, fake label stuff sold at some stores.
OLD OSCAR PEPPER WHISKY; this is the genuine Oscar Pepper Whisky, guarantee stamp around neck of bottle, quarts. 75c
UNCLE REMUS CORN WHISKY, full quarts. 75c
RABBIT'S FOOT CORN WHISKY, full quarts. 50c
IMPORTED CLARETS.
THESE ARE NOT to be confounded with those bottled by American manufacturers and put off on an unsuspecting public as originals.
PONTET CADET CLARET, bottled by Burton & Garnier, quarts. 85c
ST. JULEN CLARET, bottled by Burton & Garnier, quarts. 75c
CALIFORNIA CLARETS.
THESE GOODS are pure and full measure and right age.
ZINFANDEL CLARET, bottled by Rosenblatt & Co., San Francisco, qts. 40c
CALIFORNIA SHERRY WINE. 35c
NORTH CAROLINA SCUPPERNON WINE, qts. 50c
ANGELICA WINE, qts. 50c
OLD CROW WHISKY, full quarts. 75c
MURPHY'S MALT WHISKY, quarts. 60c
OVERHOLT RYE WHISKY, pure and wholesome for family use, full quarts. 90c
OLD HERMITAGE RYE WHISKY, qts. 90c
OLD TOM GIN, full quarts. 75c
OLD HOLLAND GIN, full quarts. 60c
MARYLAND PEACH BRANDY, qts. 75c
NORTH CAROLINA APPLE BRANDY, full quarts. 75c

JACOBS' PHARMACY,

6 AND 8 MARIETTA STREET. THE CUT PRICE PEOPLE.

FURNITURE!

We have some great bargains to offer this week in Furniture, Mattings, Rugs, Window Shades and Draperies. We will make U Summer Cut Prices on everything in our mammoth stock, including Refrigerators, Baby Carriages and Bicycles.

See Our Challenge Steel Ranges and Stoves B-4-U-Buy. **CASH OR TIME**
R. S. CRUTCHER, 53 Peachtree St

PETER LYNCH,
95 Whitehall and 7 Mitchell Streets
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos, Hardware, Guns, Pistols, Cartridges and Ammunition; Field and Garden Seeds in their seasons. A Perfect Variety Store. Orders from city and country promptly filled at lowest market price. Terms cash.

LOW RATES
—TO—
TORONTO, CANADA
On account of International Epworth League Conference the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all stations at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 12th to 14th, good to return until August 15th. Through sleeping cars Atlanta to Niagara Falls. For information apply to any agent Southern Railway. **W. D. ALLEN, D. P. A., S. H. HARDWICK, A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.**

China Painting.
All branches taught at Lycett's, 83½ Whitehall Street. Reduced prices for the Summer months. June 20-21

City Tax Notice.
The books are now open for the payment of city taxes. July 1st is the last day.
E. T. PAYNE, C. T. C.
SARATOGA BOARD
By a Southern Lady at reasonable rates; newly furnished house near the springs. No. 123 Nelson Avenue, near Union Avenue, Saratoga, N. Y. June 21st and 22nd

CON BAKER WINS

FIVE HOUR RACE

John Chapman, of Atlanta, Finishes in Second Place.

CARPENTER RODE CLOSE THIRD

Final Heat the Most Exciting Race Ever
Seen in This City.

Two Thousand People Yelled Themselves Hoarse as the Riders Came

Round the Last Curve with
Baker in Front—The
Races.

FINAL OF FIVE HOURS' RACE.

Name.	Points
Con Baker, Columbus, O.	5
John Chapman, Atlanta.	4
Charles Capenter, Rahway, N. J.	4
Russell Walthour, Atlanta.	3
J. L. Decker, Chicago.	3
George Quinn, Memphis.	2
Preston Barry, Nashville	1
Carl Stockins, Memphis.	1

Two thousand people witnessed the final heat of the big race and as the riders began their world record breaking spur-

The tandem left the racers on the fourth lap of the last mile. Con Baker took the lead and with a mighty effort led the racers around for one lap. Russell Walthour was playing a close second, Carpenter third.

Chapman fourth. It was impossible for the royal purple to pull away from the men behind him and they turned the last curve in this position.

Chapman sprang from fourth to second place like a flash; Baker was pushing his wheel as he never pushed before, Carpenter, in his suit of green, was even with

Chapman. Thalloworth was back in fourth place. Within five feet of the line Chapman forced his wheel just a fraction in front of Baker's, while Carpenter was just a fraction in the rear. The pistol fired and the last heat of the five hours' race was finished, the big race had been won and lost.

Not a person in the large grand stand took seats for fully two minutes after the pistol fired. They were asking the question who won. The track filled up with the crowd and several accidents were narrowly averted.

The judges in their stand were in consultation. The position of the three leaders was so close that, by the time

Jack Prince announced that Chapman had crossed the tape first and the Atlanta boy was given an ovation. The announcement that Baker had won the race was also a signal for loud cheers from the crowd.

allowed two points instead of one. Had Baker only come in fourth he would have lost the big race, and as it was second place gave it to him by only two points.

Two tandems did the work. One ridden by Chauncey Foote and Ben Stowers, and the other by Jack Oliver and Kendall Sells. From the mile to the half mile

When the riders started Carpenter caught the tandem and held it for two laps. Baker then circled and caught on for four laps. Barry followed after Baker and held to the pace makers for one mile. Chapman took the front, which called for cheers from the audience. Baker, was was

Walthour took a long circle and caught on to the second tandem. Quinn held the last lap of the first tandem. Carpenter caught on to the second tandem and held it for two miles. Baker, followed by Chapman, took the foot. Stock-

The ten miles was made in 23:32. The re-

He tandem took up the race and George Quinn took the lead. Decker came from last to first. He held on until the next change came. Baker wanted more of the rear wheel of the pace maker and made an effort to get it. Chapman was lapping his wheel and passed him just as Baker was about to catch on.

The thirteen miles was made in 20:55. Carpenter, Baker, Chapman, Walthour and Barry were the men to take the tandem in the last miles. Walthour was just behind when the fourth from the last lap was reached. He put out after Baker, who took the lead.

night or exciting as heretofore. Elliott was out of it on account of an accident and Kline failed to qualify. Boaterider won both the heat and the final.

Denver, Colo., June 19.—Walter C. Sanger, of Milwaukee, today defeated O. B. Hackenberger, of Denver, by 200 yards in an unpaced five-mile race. Time, 11.56 2-5.

MUSIC AT PONCE DE LEON.
First Band Concert of the Season at
the Springs Tonight.
The first band concert of the season at
Ponce de Leon springs will be given by the
Fifth Regiment band tonight. The popu-

The sweet music, cooling breezes and pure mineral water are attractions difficult to beat, and it is certain that a great crowd will go out to the springs tonight. The Consul-General will not on a fest, and the

quent schedule, and every arrangement will be made to haul the people without delay and with comfort.

PEOPLE DON'T
A RECEIVER
OF CONSOLIDATION IS
EXAMINED.
PEER TO DECIDE
THE CONTROVERSY WITH
THEM UNCERTAIN.
UNITED STATES COURTS

THEY'S JUBILEE
WILL BEGIN TODAY
London Is Crowded as It Was Never
Crowded Before.
OLD LACE SEEN EVERYWHERE
Every Nation of the Earth Is Represented in the Gathering.
THE ROYAL HIGHNESS IN GOOD HEALTH
Princess and Messages Come from
Every Direction to the Woman
Who Has Ruled So Long.

LONDON ANXIOUS
ABOUT WEATHER
Much Worry About Its Condition During
the Queen's Jubilee.
SEATS WERE HARD TO GET
They Are Uncovered and Bad Weather
Would Spoil All.
MANY AMERICANS ARE PRESENT
Royal Personages Are Beginning to
Arrive, and Are the Guests of
the Government.

BIRDS START HOME
The Carrier Pigeons Were Released
Yesterday Morning.
STARTED STRAIGHT FOR HOME
A Good Crowd Was on the Custom
House Tower to Bid Them
Adieu.

LIGHTNING CAUSES
DISASTROUS FIRE
Five Buildings in Montgomery, Ala.,
Are Burned.
WESTERN UNION DESTROYED
Bolt Strikes a Wire and Follows It Into
the Building.
THE OPERATORS BARELY ESCAPED ALIVE
Most Severe Storm the Old Capital
Has Ever Known Passes Over
the Town.

MAYOR TOLLY SEES GOVERNOR
HE WILL CONSULT HIM ABOUT
TROUBLE IN ANDERSON.
Mayor and Friends Were Armed, So
Was Butler, and All Were Arrested
and Placed Under Bond.

WIND LIFTS ROOF
OFF FURMAN WORKS
Violent Gale at East Point Does Very
Serious Damage.
BLEW WITH GREAT FORCE
Took Half the Roof Off Furman Com-
pany's Main Building.
CARRIED IT SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET
But for the Fact That the Building
Was Deserted Fatalities May
Have Resulted.

London, June 29.—Never in the history of London has London so strikingly shown the heart of the world as it does tonight. The city is crowded to its very gates with the representatives of every nation of the earth. The common object of this great gathering is the jubilee of the Queen Victoria, the longest reign in the history of the world. The streets are filled with the flags of every nation, and the air is filled with the music of every land. The Queen, who has ruled for over sixty years, is in good health and is expected to attend the jubilee. The royal highness is in good health and is expected to attend the jubilee. The royal highness is in good health and is expected to attend the jubilee.

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HOT AFTER

The Legislative Inve

HAS IT IN FOR

Writes a Card Tell
of Mr. _____
ERN GET TAGS A

**Claims That He Has
Tags at One-Elig
Nesbit**

**Captain Thomas M
ative - Investigating**

The Elbert county
onto the commission
and with unproved ha
Rebitt of a number
others, the alleged wa
of the state's money.
a strong attack on Mr
methods.
According to Capital

cents per bushel and the third at 20 cents per bushel. Captain Swift also said the tags at 20 cents per bushel are the brightest of the bunch.

Mr. Nesbitt has already bought the tags and could buy the tags two weeks before the first sale of the city yesterday, so it is hard to say in answer to any of the questions whether the tags at such a cost will have the brass hair attached to them and will consequently be worthless. He says that Mr. Nesbitt's tag, got the tags at 20 cents and that he can get them at Mr. Swift.

Mr. Swift's card in Washington is as follows:

"Editor Constitution: The people of Georgia are entitled to know the cost of the cotton seed tags sold by Hon. R. T. Nesbitt, legislature, also the price of the seed tags sold by Hon. R. T. Nesbitt, September 1, 1896: Fertilizer tags. . . . Cotton seed tags. . . . Total. . . .

Ocala, Fla., Sept. 1, 1896.

"Commissioner Nesbitt shown the Blalock can

"I have a letter of the Manufacturing Company, declining to sell Colonel

"Answering your fa-
quote you 4,000,000 tag-
state of Georgia, prin-
on in thousand boxes
thousand cash. Yours

"DENN

"The following is a c-
"Commissioner Nesb-
tags, 4,387,400, at \$1.60.
"Prices for same
4,387,400, at 65 cents.
difference in favor of
Now we have prices for
factor pricing the s

samps of tags with
Colonel Nesbitt for
\$8387.94; prices offered
64 cents per thousand
ferred to me shows a
of \$5,000. Still anot
company furnishes sa
cents per thousand,
iving to the state of
Nesbitt's Price.
You see, Mr. Editor
up Commissioner Nes
buyer of tags. Now,
sloner Nesbitt says he
put into the state tre
has done no such

sloner Nesbitt stated that committee that there had been these particular tags. Inquiries, and from the I can get, this is a copy of the state with heavy taxes as long as the public money is composed of, and in such a way, THOMAS

BOY FIRED A V

**A Young Lad Boldly
night Tres**

persons were heard trans-
front porch of the resi-
Stipe, who lives at No.
Mr. Stipe was absent
his little girl was the
noise. She awakened h
about sixteen years of
himself with a winches
The boy bravely ope
as the two men ran, h
aimed too low. One
dodged around a corner
young Stipe ran to th
and sent a shot after hi

Cyclone Kills Taylor
Butler, Ga., June 19.
tion of Taylor county
severe storm today doing
forest and fencing. The

A Wonderful

**BEECH
PILL**

For Bilious and Nervous dis-
eases and Pain in the Stomach, Si-
dneys, Fullness and Swelling
of the Liver and Spleen, Head-
aches and Drowsiness, Cold
Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Short-
ness of Breath, Blisters on the Skin,
Frightful Dreams, and all In-
digestions and Irritations, when
caused by constipation, as
the first step will cure

A WONDERFUL
BERCHAM'S PILLS
which quickly restores Females
they promptly remove obstructions
of the system. For

Weak St mpaired D Disordere

...the best guarantees to the N...
...is that Beecham's...
...largest Sale of any F...
...the World.

WITHOUT A

Sale more than
at Drug Stores, or will
B. F. ALLEN CO.,
post paid, upon receipt
upon application.

SWIFT, OF ELBERT, NOT AFTER NESBITT

The Legislative Investigator Makes Some Warm Charges.
HAS IT IN FOR COMMISSIONER

Writes a Card Telling What He Thinks of Mr. Nesbitt.

Get TAGS AT TWENTY CENTS

Claims That He Has Been Offered the Post at One-Eighth What Mr. Nesbitt Pays.

There are \$4.00
\$2.48
\$6.00 to
\$3.75
their cost.

styles, at
\$1.50

Less

public in our
men's Summer

in Cheviots,

Suits. The
Cheviot, Serge,
Crash, Linen
For cash

tractive. The
buy without

CO.

YES

BOY FIRED A WINCHESTER.

A Young Lad Boldly Tackles The Midnight Trespassers.

Yesterday morning about 1 o'clock two men were heard tramping around on the front porch of the residence of Mr. J. A. Stipe, who lives at No. 12 Larkin street.

Mr. Stipe was absent from the city and his little girl was the first to hear the noise. She awakened her brother, who is about sixteen years of age, and he armed himself with a Winchester.

The boy bravely opened the door, and as the two men ran, he fired a shot, but missed low. One of the trespassers dodged around a corner of the house, and young Stipe ran to the rear of the lot and sent a shot after him, but again missed.

O'Connell Kills Taylor County Negro.

Butler, Ga., June 19.—(Special).—A portion of Taylor county was visited by a severe storm today doing much damage to fruit and fencing. The negro church at this place was completely demolished by the wind. One negro, Frank Brown, was killed.

A Wonderful Medicine

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Biliousness and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Dizziness, and Constipation, Cold Chills, Flashes of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Coughs, Bloating, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN FIFTY MINUTES. This is so certain. Every sufferer is invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, quickly restore females to complete health, remove promptly any obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver

Be like magic—a few doses will work upon the Vital Organs, strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost confidence, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Bile secretions the whole physical energy of a human frame. These are facts admitted by all in all classes of society, and one of the greatest guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated that BEECHAM'S PILLS have the largest Sale of any Patent Medicines in the World.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Annual Sales more than 6,000,000 Boxes. Sold at Drug Store, or will be sent by U. S. Express, R. F. ALLEN CO., 205 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.

notice.

the payment last day.

THIS BAD DUMB BOY HAS REFORMED.



A hard, white-haired, black-eyed, jovial little mite, encased in a queer little uniform of blue, earnestly pictured out a series of signs with his small hands in the course of a visit to The Constitution office yesterday.

The kindly big man with the gray beard who was with the little fellow laughed. "He says he's ashamed of his past," said the big man. "Wait—he says he doesn't steal any more. And—ha, ha, ha, ha—he says he doesn't fall down and cry for money any more. He says he's quit all that."

The big man made some rapid figures in the air with his hands. The sharp eyes of the little fellow in blue followed them closely, a ray of intelligence brightening up his features.

The youngster shook his head vigorously. The big man laughed again heartily. "He says he isn't a bad boy any more," laughed the big man. "Wait." The big man spelled out something else on his hand.

The youngster nodded vigorously. "Mack says he's a good boy. He says he won't drive away people's horses any more and leave them in the street."

The small young dodger looked ashamed. "He's ashamed of his past," said the big man. "He's very proud of his reformation and it humiliates him to bring up his past."

The boy's keen eyes followed the movement of the big man's lips and the expression on his face. He nodded, vigorously his strong approval of what he thought the big man was saying.

For the boy could not hear; neither could he speak, except in that rapid, nervous way with his thin hands. The boy was little Mack Woodside, afflicted and unfortunate from birth, the hard little waif of the street, who stole and screamed and made himself such a nuisance on the streets of the city for so many years of his young life, surely the never was a worse or more irremediable nuisance than Mack.

Mack had just come into town from his first term at school—eight months of care and training, the first he had had in the course of his short span of eleven years.

The effects of his new experience stood out plainly in his outer aspect. The slovenly air was gone; he was neatly dressed in a uniform of blue and for a youngster of his untamed past he seemed finely groomed.

In place of the dull, unresponsive light in his eyes, there shone appreciation, intelligence, human sympathy and understanding.

And he seemed very happy. He followed the big man—who was superintendent of the care for the boys who had been sent to Cave Spring—into my office and there gladly waited upon the will of his teacher and friend, his eyes showing the love and reverence he felt for the man who had taught him to touch to see the voiceless youth, who has never heard a human voice, rush into the arms of his big friend and smile into his genial face. When the big man who has taught him the joy of communication with his fellows, who has changed his rags for a natty suit of blue, who has given him kindly shelter and care for these many months, was especially striking. The money that he proudly jingled in his blue pockets he proudly admitted had come from Mr. Connor's. He spelled it out on his fingers. He made many references—pretty references I am sure they were—to his hearty benefactor.

When he left me he went out, following upon the heels of Superintendent Connor, trotting along in perfect happiness.

A wonderful change has come over Mack. The moral idea has been instilled into his queer looking little white head. Born without the faculty of speech or hearing, his good and sweet life has never given him a single idea by which he could distinguish right from wrong. He leaped into a carriage standing at the curb, and

drove it away, stopped when he was tired, and deserting it, never once feeling the slightest consciousness of wrong doing.

This feat of carriage steering and his other favorite act of tumbling in a heap upon the streets and shrieking until someone gave him a coin were the specialties of this noted little nuisance. He was a puzzle to the courts when he was called to account. What tribunal could visit punishment upon so slight a head and upon an individual so little responsible for his actions? When Mack's case was most prominently before the public I wrote an article in which I advanced the theory that although he had an intellect of average capacity and a normal moral nature, his lack of means of communication with his mind and soul through his senses isolated him from the teachings necessary to the development of his mind and character.

There was no means by which the principles of right and wrong might be communicated to his mind. He was cut off from the world, for in his poor home no opportunity was given him for learning any other than the very crudest method of communication. His sign language in those early days of his life was limited to his most important needs and he knew no sign whereby a thought or an idea bearing upon the moral relation of things might be conveyed to him. He could hear; he could not speak; he could not enjoy the intimate contact with human minds which hearing and speaking only can give, and naturally his mind was dwarfed and left undeveloped. Through the single medium of his eyesight alone he could not receive those ideas of morality necessary to a child's training.

So in this crude, undeveloped state the young barbarian was taken in hand by Superintendent Connor. He was an outlaw of the most aggravating type. He introduced himself to the school by performing such an act of vandalism as cutting a hole in the pot cat's back. He gloated over his bloody deed and felt no remorse when he laid himself out upon the ground and howled for coin. Then he shouted at the dinner table like a Comanche Indian. He refused to sweep the yard as the other children did, and he was required to do all these faults Superintendent Connor remedied in his own good time. He taught him to read, to write, to speak, to be polite, language, cleanliness, quiet.

I hardly knew the young Mack Woodside who came trotting in the heels of Superintendent Connor yesterday morning, so changed and improved was he.

Mack spent the day in revisiting old friends and old scenes. He called on all his friends to show them his new uniform. Yesterday afternoon police court was in full blast when the young truant appeared. Mack was once a habitué of police court. He was the knotliest prisoner Judge Andy ever had to solve. Failing to devise any better plan of riddling the police station for long terms. So the youngster came very near making his home at the station for several months. He always had a peculiar fondness for the judge. So yesterday it was not surprising that he should pay his respects to the court. The scene is thus told in the police reporter's record of the incident:

Judge Calhoun looked up and saw a bright young boy standing before his desk, neatly dressed in a uniform. The boy caught the judge's eye and gazed intently for a few moments to see if he was recognized. The recorder smiled and bowed. Mutely standing there in the court of justice, the boy made a few signs, which the judge understood. He was a good boy, as it is said: "I have been here before and am familiar with the place." Then he smiled, which the judge understood. He was a good boy, as it is said: "I am not here to be here now."

The judge pointed to his uniform and brass buttons, which the judge understood. He conveyed the information: "You see how I am dressed. I am a different boy from the one who was here before. I am now nicely dressed and I am a good boy. I have been here before and am familiar with the place." Then he smiled, which the judge understood. He was a good boy, as it is said: "I am not here to be here now."

So this strange young human puzzle has entered upon another era in his history.

ROBERT ADAMS.

The Kennesaw House.

Supreme Court of Georgia.

COL. W. S. THOMSON OUT FOR COUNCIL

He Will Be a Candidate for Council from Fourth Ward.

LOOKS TO SCHOOL INTERESTS

Mr. M. M. Welch May Enter from the Second Ward.

OTHER CITIZENS ARE BEING APPROACHED

The City Campaign Is Now About To Begin in Earnest, and the Politicians Are Active.

With the advent of midsummer comes the annual discussion of the fall city election. Although the regular election does not occur until December a primary is generally held in September and sometimes earlier and the time has now come when the subject will soon be uppermost in the minds of city politicians.

There are already a number of prominent citizens who have been approached in reference to the cooler and least two have been intimidated to their friends that they may or will become candidates for councilman.

Others have been approached in consideration of the question of the race and it looks as if the city campaign will soon be on in earnest.

Colonel W. S. Thomson, ex-president of the board of education, who resides in the fourth ward, will be a candidate for council from that ward. He has so announced to his friends and The Constitution is authorized to state that Colonel Thomson will be in the race beyond doubt.

The significance of this announcement lies in the fact that it means that the next municipal fight will be fought out on the lines of the school and the board of education. A hot fight is in sight.

Colonel Thomson has been requested by a large number of his friends in the fourth ward to run for councilman. He has decided to do so. He has not mapped out any other favorite act of tumbling in a heap upon the streets and shrieking until someone gave him a coin were the specialties of this noted little nuisance.

As far as known Colonel Thomson has the support of the councilmen of the ward, but it is likely that other candidates will be heard of, now that the first agitation of the subject has been started. The place to which Colonel Thomson aspires is that of Mr. S. A. Morris, whose term as councilman from the fourth ward expires this year.

Mr. M. M. Welch May Enter.

On the south side the name of Mr. M. M. Welch has been frequently mentioned in connection with the councilman from the second ward. Mr. Welch has not decided whether he will run for councilman or not. It is known that many of his friends are moving in the matter and that he has been asked to run for councilman.

Mr. Welch has represented the second ward in the city for several years. He is thoroughly familiar with the duties of the office. He was one of the most active members of the council during the first year of the administration of Mayor King, and he was one of the leaders of the second ward in the city.

There are other citizens being mentioned in connection with the councilman from the second ward. Mr. H. A. Boynton is being mentioned as a possible candidate.

It is said that Mr. H. A. Boynton will be asked to become a candidate for the second ward. He is a well-known citizen and has been active in the city for many years.

The terms of the following councilmen will expire this year: First ward—J. J. Barnes. Second ward—J. E. Maddox. Third ward—J. E. Maddox. Fourth ward—S. A. Morris. Fifth ward—A. P. Thompson. Sixth ward—H. L. Culbertson.

THE COMMENCEMENT SERMON

DR. J. H. VAN NESS WILL BE HEARD AT SECOND BAPTIST.

Special Sermon to the Students of the Theological School.—The Closing Exercises Begin Monday.

This morning at 11 o'clock the commencement sermon of the Theological School will be preached at the Second Baptist church by Rev. J. T. Van Ness.

The students of the school are occupied reserved seats in the church. The sermon this morning will be the beginning of the closing exercises of this school.

The last examinations were finished Saturday and the boys are patiently waiting to learn the result of their labors. Monday morning the regular programme for the week will be announced. Owing to the failure of the faculty to learn the subject of one of the theses to be read, the programme for the week's exercises have been delayed.

Tomorrow morning there will be an important meeting of the faculty to pass on the examinations and bestow the honors. The students of the school will be present at the exercises.

School of Optics.

The unlucky fellow would take a course in optics if sure that he would get a good job. But the lucky fellow goes right on getting ready, and when an opportunity is offered he is prepared and steps into the "good job."

The lucky fellow is the one who attends Kellam & Moore's school of optics and graduates as a scientific optician. For terms, call on or address Kellam & Moore, 40 Marietta street, Atlanta.

Paper hung free of charge. We sell you with paper at 10c and hang it for nothing. Come Monday, as this offer is for only one day. McNeel Paint & Glass Co., 119 and 129 Whitehall street.

Supreme Court of Georgia.

A. B. Russell, et al. v. Mohr-Welsh Lumbar Company. Reargued.

MAON CIRCUIT.

Mary O'Connell v. supreme conclave Kellam & Moore. Argued.

H. L. Howard v. Georgia Home Insurance Company. Argued.

Equitable Mortgage Company v. V. A. St. Louis. Argued.

E. C. Kennedy, et al. v. L. M. Juhon, et al. Argued.

SOUTHERN'S M. D.'S MEET AT LOOKOUT

Railway Surgeons Will Convene on the Mountain June 29-30.

PRESIDENT DRAKE TO PRESIDE

Some of the Most Prominent Practitioners in Country To Be There.

MANY INSTRUCTIVE PAPERS TO BE READ

Doctors of the Southern and Alabama Great Southern Roads Will Attend—Some of the Speakers.

A notable gathering of medical practitioners will be the meeting of the surgeons of the Southern and Alabama Great Southern railways, at Lookout mountain, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

It is expected that fully two hundred surgeons and visiting physicians will be present. The programme has been completed and consists of addresses and papers read by the leading medical men of the United States, including Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Chicago, whose subject will be "Railway Amputations," and many others.

Dr. Joseph Price, of Philadelphia, president of the American Medical Association, and who is regarded as one of the most eminent surgeons in the country, will speak on the "Importance of Simplicity in All Medical Detail."

Surgeon General Walter Wyman, of the United States Marine hospital service, of Washington, will read a paper on the "Interstate Quarantine Law and its Relation to the Railroads of the United States."

Another speaker equally as prominent as any of those named will be Dr. Kanasahoff, of Cincinnati, who will read a paper on "The Full Programme will be printed and distributed on June 24th. Besides the above a long list of papers on important subjects will be read by eminent surgeons from nearly every state in the south.

The membership of the association is composed of the most representative men in the profession of the United States, from South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and the District of Columbia. Dr. C. H. Drake, of Atlanta, is president and chief surgeon of the road and will preside at the meetings.

The proceedings of the convention will be of great interest to all practitioners and the association has extended an invitation to all members to be present and take part in all the discussions.

The committee on arrangements consisted of Dr. S. A. Baxter, of Chattanooga; Dr. C. M. Basmore, of Cleveland, Tenn.; Dr. J. M. Black, of Knoxville. They have arranged for a trip for the delegates and visitors to the famous battlefield of Chattanooga and the National park on July 1st. Lookout mountain, the site of the convention, has given reduced rates as well as transportation on which will cost 25 cents for the round trip.

WHIST CONTEST AT AN END.

The Result of It Seems To Be in Dispute.

The great whist congress that was to have been at Lithia Springs did not come off as scheduled. The numerous teams that had promised Mr. McClung, to come from the various cities did not turn up and the congress was declared off after the fourth day of the contest.

There is an amusing story in connection with the games played by the Atlanta teams. When they had been playing for some time, they had a different idea as to the way the result should be obtained. The result was that each team figure itself out winner. The team composed of McClung, Moody, Carter and Conner declared themselves winners. The team composed of Johnson, Brown, Moffit and Bosworth came last, but they are not satisfied with the result and intend to challenge to Mr. Swift's team. They will play a match game next Tuesday night, as the fourth side against the result of the whist congress.

The south side team will be composed of Messrs. H. E. Johnson, Leonard Brown, Mr. Bosworth and Mr. Moffit. These gentlemen have played together a great deal and are a very strong team. The north side team will be composed of Messrs. R. E. Swift, Colquhoun, W. P. Hill and F. M. Purcell. They are about eight of the best players in town and the game is sure to be a close one.

Beecham's Pills for stomach and liver ills.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

There is a beauty that is peculiar to old age. There is a beauty that is characteristic of middle age and fully developed womanhood. There is a beauty, also, which is seen only in babyhood and girlhood.

But the beauty that is seen only in babyhood and girlhood is a beauty that is over which poets rave and artists linger in feminine beauty peculiar to the age of sixteen.

At any time of life there is a beauty that is seen only in babyhood and girlhood. It is a beauty that is over which poets rave and artists linger in feminine beauty peculiar to the age of sixteen.

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J. FROHSIN

CONTINUANCE OF

REMOVAL SALE

At 50 Whitehall

ACROSS THE STREET FROM OLD STAND.

EVERYTHING AT REDUCED PRICES

Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests reduced to..... 3c

Ladies' imported Lisle Thread Vests reduced to..... 19c

Ladies' Lisle Combination Suits reduced to..... 25c

Ladies' 75c Shirt Waists reduced to..... 39c

Ladies' \$1.25 and \$1.50 Shirt Waists reduced to..... 95c

Ladies' Black Mohair Skirts, with silk ruffle, reduced to \$1.50

Ladies' Striped Balmoral Skirts reduced to..... 29c

Ladies' 25c all Silk Mitts reduced to..... 10c

Silver or gilt Shirt Waist Sets reduced to..... 7c

Ladies' 25c Cotton Hose, plain or Richelieu ribbed, reduced to 15c

Ladies' 50c Lisle Hose reduced to..... 29c

Ladies' Linen Collars reduced to..... 9c

Ladies' 25c Leather Belts, in all colors, reduced to..... 15c

Infants' black or tan Half Hose reduced to..... 8c

Children's Sailor Hats, blue or brown, reduced to..... 10c

Men's 50c quality Night Robes reduced to..... 35c

Men's 50c Laundered Percal Shirts reduced to..... 37c

Men's Ribbed Balbriggan Shirts or Drawers, reduced to..... 12c

Men's 50c quality imported French Balbriggan Shirts or Drawers, reduced to..... 33c

Men's 25c and 35c Silk Scarfs reduced to..... 13c

Men's 50c and 75c Silk Scarfs reduced to..... 25c

Men's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, plain white or with fast colored borders, reduced to..... 4c

Men's Lisle Half Hose, with double soles, black or colors, reduced to..... 22c

English Gloria Umbrellas, fast black with hardwood handles, suitable for Men or Ladies, reduced to..... 49c

Mothers' Friend Boys' Shirt Waist, laundered, reduced to..... 35c

50 WHITEHALL

Satisfaction,

Style, Saving.

All this you secure when you buy your Footwear of us.

The Price

on every SUMMER SHOE in our place has been cut to just what they cost to make them. We must and WILL NOT carry over goods from season to season. This enables us to offer our trade always the newest and best. A look will convince you that it pays to buy from.....

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Ladies out shopping can be refreshed and instructed at 84 Whitehall street. Call and be convinced.

The river is the coolest place you can find. Music and refreshments of all kinds. Take car corner Walton and Forsyth sts.

STOCKTON HOTEL, CAPE MAY, N. J.

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